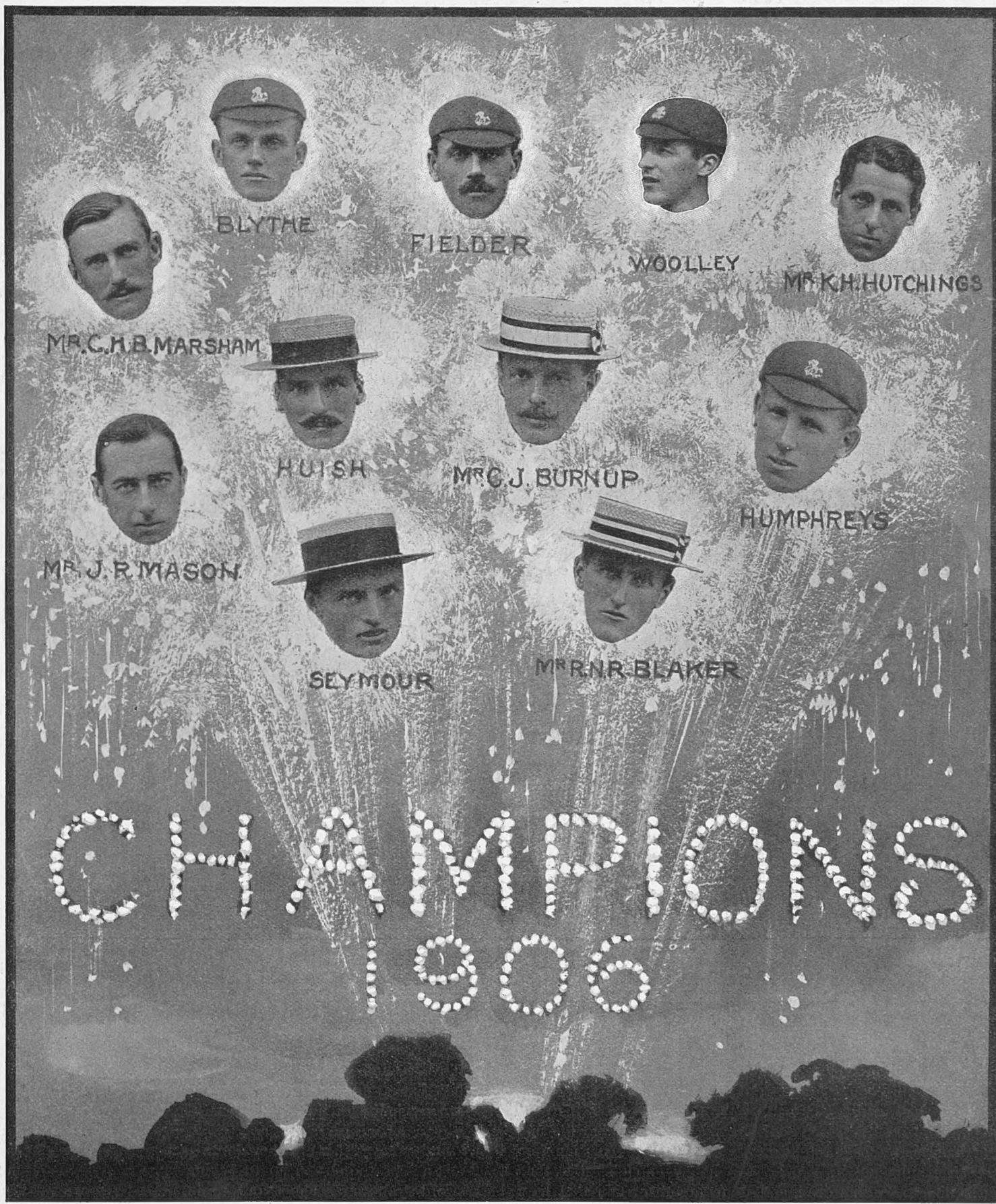


The Sketch

No. 710.—Vol. LV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1906.

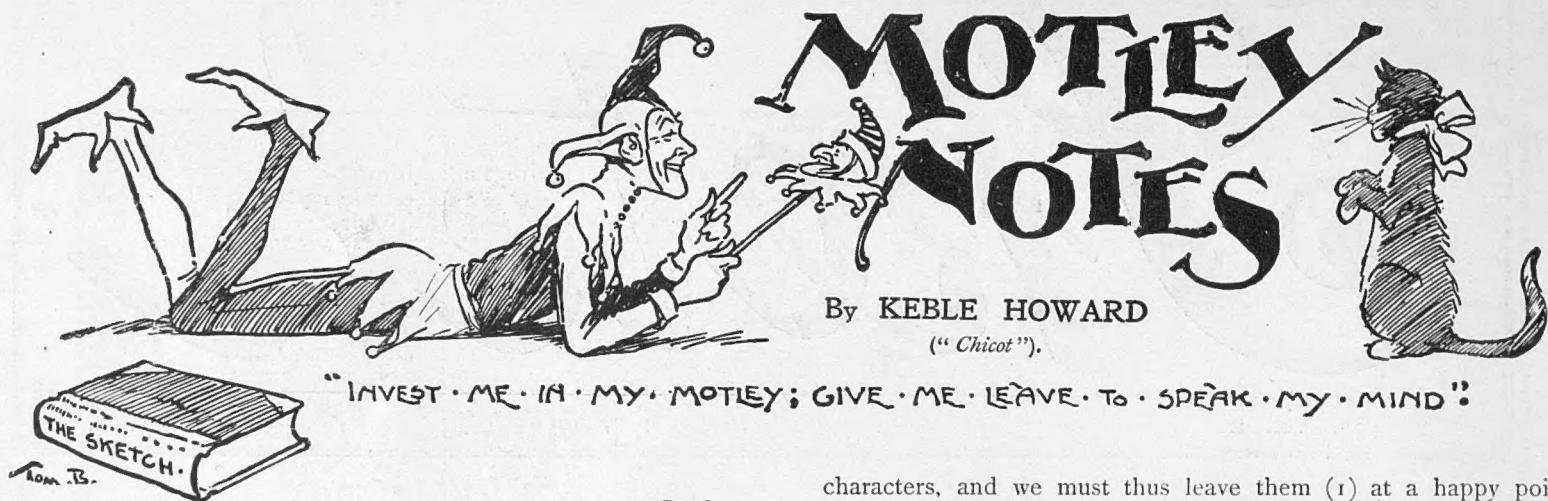
SIXPENCE.



KENT WIN THE CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP FOR 1906—THE TEAM.

Kent have become the Cricket Champions for this season. The other successful counties have been—Notts (1885, 1886, 1889); Surrey (1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1894, 1895, 1899); Lancashire (1889, 1897, 1904); Yorkshire (1893, 1896, 1898, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1905), and Middlesex (1903). Kent's average for the season is 77.77; Yorkshire's 70.00; Surrey's 63.63; and Lancashire's 42.85.

Photograph of Woolley by Lambert Weston and Co.; the others by Collis, Canterbury.



London.
Concerning Christmas Stories. I am glad to find it so hot in London, for I have two or three Christmas stories on hand. This is not a joke, or even an attempt at a joke. Some people laugh at the idea of writing Christmas stories in August, but this proves their dreary ignorance. The eye of the mind, if I may risk a platitude, sees far more than the eye of the body. At the same time, the eye of the mind is blind to those unnecessary details that the eye of the body cannot overlook. There are two ways of describing an English country scene in winter. One way is to sit in the window of your study on a January afternoon and make an exhaustive catalogue of everything within view. You will note that there is a puddle in the roadway; that the hedges look black and dirty; that the fields are rectangular; that the old elm two hundred yards away has a tendency to slant; that the sky is the colour of lead. This is called realism. The other way is to sit in your pyjamas by an open window that looks out upon a scorched London street (as I happen to be doing at this moment) and allow your imagination to conjure up such a winter's scene as we all know and love. The fields are white and dainty, with a touch of frost; the roads are hard and clean, the air is keen, the sky clear, the sun shining. This is called romance. Yet both pictures are true: surely one is at liberty to take one's choice.

The Dullness of Pessimism.

They have little sympathy with those who see only the drab side of life, and who shun the "happy ending" as something too coarse and vulgar for their cultured palates. Is there not a lack of humour in the idea that "real life" is of necessity very dark and terrible? I know, as we all know, a good many people of different kinds, and I cannot see that they are so desperately unhappy. It is true that many of them are quite poor, but one can get accustomed to poverty. After all, the people who are sick with hunger all day and have nowhere to sleep at night are very, very few. I do not say this, heaven knows, out of heartlessness, but simply as a protest against the theory that if you wish to write of "real life," you must describe only the darker side of it. As for the people one knows who have enough money to live on with average comfort, of what do their terrible troubles consist? "Those they love die." Certainly they do; but are they to spend the remainder of their days lamenting the inevitable? "Those they love belong to others." Very likely; but experience shows that it is possible to keep fairly cheerful even though you cannot marry somebody else's wife. "They lost a lot of money about two years ago." All right, dear heart. At any rate, they have tasted the sweets of luxury, and can always enjoy them again in recollection.

Happy Hamlet. As a matter of fact, all endings in real life are happy. There is nothing so satisfactory as finality. The play with the happiest ending is "Hamlet," because you know very well that all those poor dears are out of their troubles. They were fairly happy while they were alive. The guilty King and Queen had a pretty good time of it, I suspect, although Hamlet was a bit of a nuisance. As for Hamlet himself, no man ever enjoyed running amuck as he did. Day after day he hugged himself to think that he was to have the pleasure of sticking his sword into his uncle. And he had such an admirable excuse for gratifying his murderous tastes! Depend upon it, Hamlet was happy enough. But, for all that, it is nice to see him dead, and to feel quite certain that he will make no more of those brain-racking speeches, and have no more of those tiresome domestic quarrels. Death, then, is the one happy ending to a play or a story. But one cannot always kill all one's

By KEBBLE HOWARD
(*"Chicot"*).

characters, and we must thus leave them (1) at a happy point in their journey or (2) at an unhappy point. Now, to my mind, there is not the slightest excuse for leaving them at an unhappy point when it would be so easy to follow them a little further and leave them at a happy point. The unhappy ending, therefore, is grossly inartistic. Q.E.D.

Was Miss Corelli a Woodpecker?

It is all very well for people to write to the papers and say that we have all lived before in other shapes: that sort of statement leads nowhere. The important questions are these: What were you before, and what will you be next? Let us take, if they will pardon the liberty, one or two public people, and examine their characteristics with a view to discovering what they were once and what they will be in the future. For example, Mr. C. B. Fry. Mr. Fry's main characteristic—the one, at any rate, that first brought him fame—is a tendency to leap into the air. He actually succeeded in remaining off the earth without any kind of support for a longer time than anybody else. Does not this show that Mr. Fry, in a previous existence, was some sort of bird? I think it would be nice to write him down a lark. And what will he be in the future? Nothing less, I trust, than the angelic record-holder for the longest flight. Consider, again, Miss Marie Corelli. As the years go on, and Miss Corelli's genius develops, she becomes more and more violent in her attacks upon those among whom she is compelled, for a few years, to live. Her first utterances were pretty mild, though, and so one may fairly conclude that in earlier life she was a woodpecker. Heaven save her from becoming a hawk!

I was a Snake, I think.

As for myself, I believe that I must have been a snake. Up to the age of three, I remember, I firmly refused to stand on my legs. My method of locomotion was to lie flat on my stomach and creep along the floor, using one arm as a roller. A snake, of course, has no arms: that was where I had the advantage of my former self. As a schoolboy, as an undergraduate, and as a young man struggling for the bare necessities of existence, my favourite recreation was to stretch myself at full length in the sun and go to sleep. I am still very fond of doing this. As to my other snake-like attributes, physical or mental, it would ill become me to speak. Besides, I have never found my friends reluctant to dilate upon them.

But would like to be a Sword-Fish.

As to the future, if it is absolutely necessary that my soul shall pass into some other physical shape, I would choose to be a sword-fish. To be a fish of any sort must be a great boon. My dictionary describes a fish as a "vertebrate animal that lives in the water, breathes by gills, and has cold blood, with limbs in the form of fins." What more could the heart of man desire—on the last day of August, with the thermometer registering ninety-two in the shade? "That lives in the water." No motor-buses to avoid, no income-tax to pay, no dust, no noise, no clothes. "Has cold blood." Splendid! No falling in and out of love, no quarrels, no headaches, no fevers. "With limbs in the form of fins." No railway journeys, the world your playground, no sea-sickness. But why a sword-fish? you ask. For two reasons. People don't eat sword-fish. At least, if they do, they keep it to themselves. I never met a man who owned up to having eaten a sword-fish—not even a sword-swallow. The sword, again, must be so useful whenever it becomes necessary to hold one's own with a shark, or a whale, or some sea-critic of that sort. The sword of the sword-fish, I suspect, is more useful, really, than the pen.

PREPARING "THE BONDMAN" FOR HIS STAGE DÉBUT.

PLAYERS IN MR. HALL CAINE'S NEW DRAMA ON THEIR WAY TO REHEARSAL—AND SOME ANIMAL ACTORS.



- MISS DORA CLEMENTS.
- MR. ARTHUR COLLINS (MANAGER AND PRODUCER) AND MRS. COLLINS.
- MISS HENRIETTA WATSON, WHO IS TO PLAY THE HOUSEKEEPER.
- MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, WHO IS TO PLAY GREEBA.
- MISS MARY BROUH, WHO IS TO PLAY CHRISTIAN ANN, AND MR. LIONEL BROUH, WHO IS TO PLAY MR. FAIRBROTHER.
- MR. FRANK COOPER, WHO IS TO PLAY JASON, THE BONDMAN.
- MISS MARJORIE DAY (WHO IS TO MILK THE "REAL COWS"), AND MR. BRUCE-SMITH, THE SCENIC ARTIST.
- THE ALDERNEY COWS THAT ARE TO FIGURE IN THE PLAY.
- MISS EILY MALYON, AND MR. OSCAR ADYE, WHO IS TO PLAY DR. BONI.

As we note in "Heard in the Green-Room," the production of Mr. Hall Caine's "The Bondman" has been postponed from the 13th to the 20th of this month.

All photographs by the Illustrations Bureau, except No. 8, which is by Park.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Dead Season—Strangers in London—From Hyde Park Corner to Whitehall—Professional Beggars.

WITH the King still undergoing his cure and everybody else of importance in the social world either drinking waters at a home or foreign Spa or shooting partridges or grouse, the life of London ebbs in the first week of September down to low-water mark. The few real Londoners left in their city talk only of cricket and the attempts to swim the Channel, and the streets are overrun by a strange mob of foreigners and country cousins who ask questions in all the languages under the sun.

Walking very leisurely down Constitution Hill and along the Mall to Whitehall and the Thames Embankment, I was amused at the number of questions I was asked by people whose guide-books had played them false. A Frenchman with a fat little volume in his hand was looking at the arch and wondering where the statue of the Duke of Wellington was. I told him that the Duke had one fine night jumped his horse off the arch and was under guard in the middle of the road. We made friends over the little joke, and I found that he was trying to find his way about London with a guide-book which dated back more than a quarter of a century, and which he told me had been bequeathed him by his father.

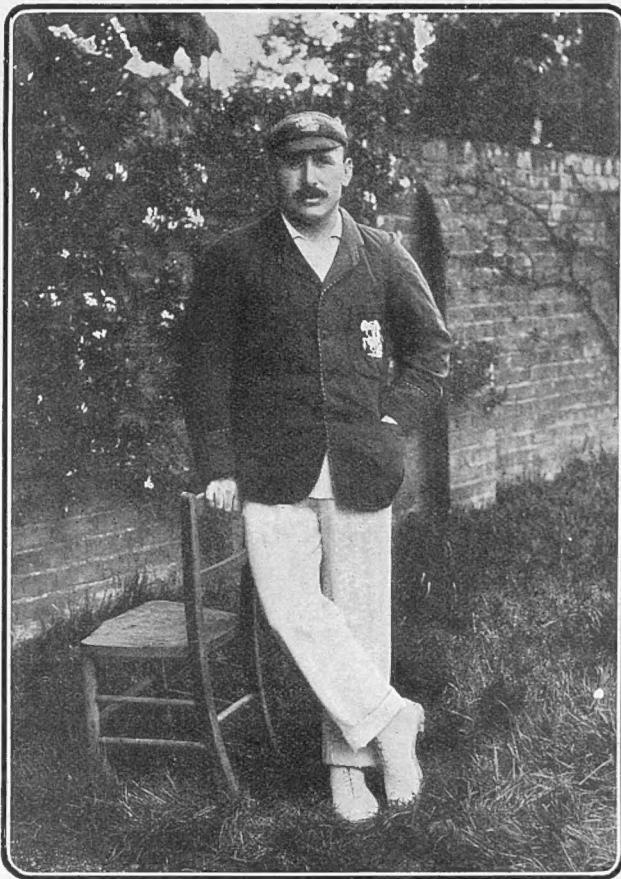
Three Germans, Baedeker in hand, were looking at the great green circle of hoarding in the space before Buckingham Palace, and were evidently puzzled. I told them of the statue of the Queen which was to be erected there, and they thanked me in good English, saying that they were about to cross to the Palace to ask information from a policeman. The questions a policeman has to answer in these weeks of the foreign invasion are, I am sure, innumerable and curious, for the fame of the British "Bobby," his good-nature, and his readiness to answer questions, has gone all the world through. No nation admires our policemen more than the American does. They are surprised after their experience of the New York constables to find that it is possible for a policeman to answer a question civilly.

By the steps below the Duke of York's Column I met with an old type in a new guise. A shabby little foreigner hustled up and asked me if I spoke French. I answered that I did, and he began a tale of being stranded in London with a sick child. He was an impostor, but he was not the Frenchman in the black coat and ill-brushed tall hat who used to haunt Brook Street at one time, and who must have had a bad memory for faces, for he more than once stopped me with his usual opening question and then

went on with his story that he was a professor of French and had come over to England to take an appointment which he found did not exist.

No doubt the little man in the black coat and tall hat found business slack, and tried fresh woods and pastures new, and I fancy that some letters in the *Times* hastened his departure. His successor is not likely to thrive, for the days of successful beggars, artists in their trade, seem to have gone, so far as the West End of London is concerned. The crying child with a broken jug and spilled beer or milk had a great success for a time in Harley Street, and there was a beggar, who never begged, who used to reap a rich harvest in Baker Street. He was a miserable-looking man with a frock-coat buttoned tightly round his throat. He wore woollen socks with many holes in them, and no boots. On cold winter days he shuffled down the street, looking neither to the right nor left. I went after him one day, heard his tale, and gave him half-a-crown to get his boots out of pawn. A policeman on point duty, who had watched the transaction, smiled when I came up to him. "Bless you, Sir, he never goes down the street without getting a sixpence or a threepence out of every old lady that sees him," and I knew that once more I had wasted money in street charity.

The beggar who took me in most completely was a respectable carpenter whose pitch was Portland Place. He carried the straw basket of his trade, stopped me to ask if I could give him a card of admission to a hospital, told me a story concerning a sick child, opened his basket to show that he had pawned all his big tools and had only the smaller ones left, borrowed a half-crown, and put my name and address carefully on a scrap of paper, in order that he could repay it as soon as he got work. A fortnight after, I met the same man in the same thoroughfare, and he stopped me and began the tale. I let him continue for a while, and then turned on him. "Why, you scoundrel," I said, "you told me that tale a fortnight ago and got a half-crown out of me." "Did I, Sir?" answered the unabashed rascal. "Did I? Then God bless you, Sir, for your charity," and he picked up his bag and walked on cheerfully.



2000 RUNS AND 200 WICKETS IN A SEASON: GEORGE HIRST, HOLDER OF THE EXTRAORDINARY RECORD.

At Scarborough, on August 30, George Hirst, the famous Yorkshire cricketer, completed a unique performance by scoring 2000 runs and taking 200 wickets in one season.

Photograph by Bolland.

you scoundrel," I said, "you told me that tale a fortnight ago and got a half-crown out of me." "Did I, Sir?" answered the unabashed rascal. "Did I? Then God bless you, Sir, for your charity," and he picked up his bag and walked on cheerfully.



MR. HARRY LAUDER DOES NOT RECEIVE: THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN IN BED WITH AN ATTACK OF LARYNGITIS.

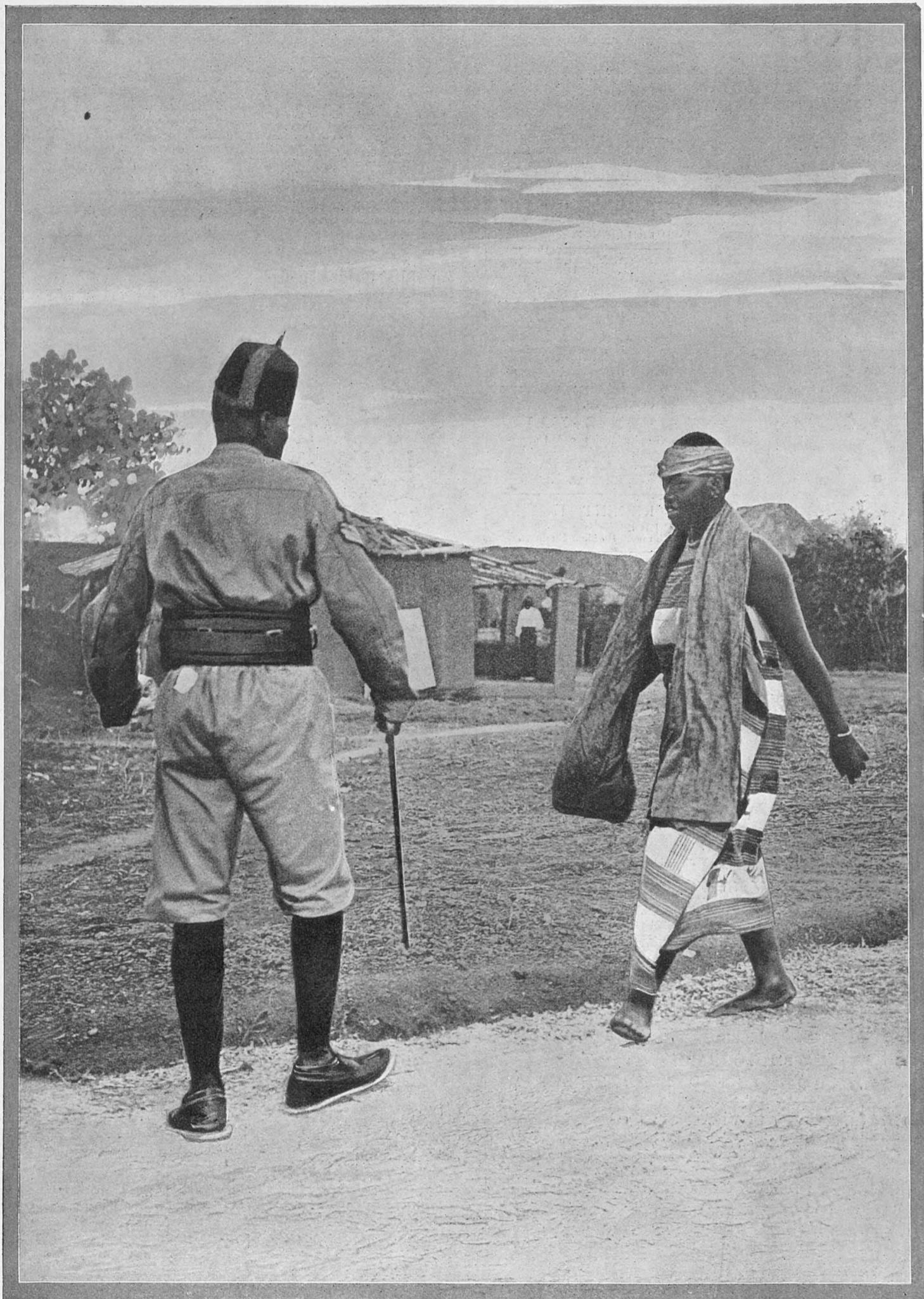
As we note on another page of our issue, Mr. Harry Lauder, the famous Scotch comedian, is suffering from throat trouble brought on by overwork. He has had to cancel his engagements for some little time to come.

Photograph specially taken by the View and Portrait Supply Co.

room, and knew all about the First Lord's house. I stood and listened. When the lady guide had finished her oration she turned to me. "Guess you are gaining some gratis information about your city, Sir," she said.

Continuing my progress towards the Horse Guards, the last batch of inquiring strangers I met during my stroll was a group of American girls, neat little ladies in travelling dresses, each with a satchel hung from her waist-belt. The leader of the group was explaining and pointing out all the objects of interest. She had much to say about the Downing Street houses and the captured cannon and the windows of the Horse Guards; she described the Admiralty Board

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY!



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The Black Patch. Fergus Hume. 6s.

The Green Stone. Alan St. Aubyn. 6s.

The Girl and the Man. Curtis Yorke. 6s.

Love and the King. Lucas Cleeve. 6s.

A Persian Rose-Leaf. Lieutenant-Colonel
Andrew Haggard, D.S.O. 6s.

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From Charing Cross to Delhi. S. Parnell
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In Search of El Dorado. Alexander Mac-
donald. 5s.

Court Beauties of Old Whitehall. W. R.
H. Trowbridge. 15s. net.

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os.

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William Laird Clowes. 10d. net.

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Addison and Richard Steele. 10d. net.

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10d. net.

Memoirs of the Count de Grammont.
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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

SEPTEMBER 8.

ANIMAL ACTORS AT HOME

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

ON RECORD

THE OUTRAGE ON THE RUSSIAN PREMIER

THE GREAT HEAT WAVE

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on
its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be
fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and
jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,
(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published
photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect.
The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of
each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—
are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider
photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary
rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred
to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



Fife always bring a large party from Mar Lodge. Each year the season on Deeside tends to become later, and it is rumoured that when the King arrives next week he is likely to entertain quite an important series of royal guests at Balmoral.

An Imposing Royal Ceremony.

Never was heir to a throne christened with more pomp and circumstance than William the Second's first grandchild. Wilhelm Friedrich of Prussia—for so he is, it seems, to be called—has only six Christian names, but no fewer than twenty godfathers and godmothers! By one of those pretty touches of nature which make the whole world kin, and in which the sentimental Kaiser excels, it was arranged that the young Princess Victoria Louise should hold her baby nephew during the elaborate ceremony. The Prince is nine weeks old, and a fine bouncing boy, said to recall Frederick the Noble,

though others profess to see in him a likeness to Edward VII.!

An Imperial Chauffeur and German Hooligans.

Prince Henry of Prussia, who has just met with the very disagreeable experience of having a shower of stones thrown at him by motorphobe hooligans, is a favourite nephew of King Edward. His Imperial Highness, like another royal motorist who has been lately attracting attention, occupies the delicate position of being only brother to a reigning potentate, and he also, like the Duke of Oporto, is fortunate in his relations with his elder. Prince Henry first came

INJURED IN A MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT: THE DUKE OF OPORTO, BROTHER OF KING CARLOS.
The Duke of Oporto's car left the road suddenly while travelling at a high speed and slid some twenty feet down a declivity, with the result that its royal owner was somewhat seriously injured. The Duke's aide-de-camp had both arms broken.

Photograph by Numa Blanc.

prominently before the world as the bearer of the "mailed fist" message to the Far East. He is the sailor of the Hohenzollern clan, and he and his pretty, half-English Princess inhabit the wonderful old castle of Kiel. Of late years the Prince has taken up motoring with extraordinary zeal; he took part in the Herkomer Race, and has done all in his power, by precept and example, to give an impetus to the German motoring industry.

The Duke of Oporto. The news of the Duke of Oporto's serious motoring accident was received with regret by his Royal Highness's English friends, who one and all know the Duke as the most hospitable of hosts and as the best of good fellows. To be a reigning Sovereign's only brother—and a success—

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

IN spite of the absence of both the King and Queen from Balmoral the Braemar Gathering is by no means bereft of royal patronage. The Prince and Princess of Wales, to say nothing of their happy group of sons and little daughter, are a host in themselves, and the Duke and Duchess of

requires a good deal of discretion and tact, but in this, as in so many other matters, the King of Portugal has had exceptionally good luck; he and the Duke are on the best terms of brotherly friendship, and the fact that the Duke of Oporto has elected to remain a bachelor makes him the constant guest and comrade of the King and of his French sister-in-law. Blessed with twenty-four Christian names, the Duke is yet the most unassuming of Royal Princes. He delights in every form of physical exercise, and, like his first cousin, the King of Italy, he early became an enthusiastic motorist. His Royal Highness is fond of negotiating hilly roads, and it was when driving back to Lisbon from mountainous Cintra that he and his chauffeur met with their perilous adventure.

A Collector of Dead Dogs. The dog is the friend of man, even when he's dead. There is

an old man living in one of the outer suburbs of Paris, at the confluence of the Seine and Marne, who has the oddest of odd occupations—he collects dead dogs. You may see him in the early grey dawn rowing up river in an old shaky boat, which flies a black flag, just as if he were a species of pirate—in reality he is a scavenger. As his oars creak in the rowlocks, he keeps a sharp eye to right and left, looking out for a possible treasure. Now and again his boat-hook is thrust between the reeds, as he espies some object that may represent his quest. But, no! it is the dead body of a man, not of a dog. Old Neptune passes by with a disdainful look. Human bodies are no good to him; they do not pay for removal. It is otherwise with the dead; when boiled down he is good for making soap.

A One-Year-Old Prince. Prince John Charles Francis of Wales bears three Christian names rarely given to British Princes; indeed, probably few people are aware

name given to their Majesties' third and baby Prince who only survived his birth a

is only one other Charles in our Royal Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who, it



STONED WHILE MOTORING: PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

Prince Henry was driving in a motor-car at Kiel the other day when he was stoned by hooligans. His Royal Highness escaped injury, but his chauffeur was wounded. Several of the assailants were arrested.

that John was the youngest son, the few hours. There Family, that is said, owed his name to Queen Victoria's romantic admiration for the Stuarts. The year-old Prince's name of Francis is, of course, that of his uncle, the good-looking and debonair Prince Francis of Teck. As yet it is too early to say what career Prince John of Wales is destined to pursue, but the days of idle Princes are gone for ever, and doubtless he will in due course enter one of the liberal professions. Royal babies become travellers early, and Prince John is no exception to the rule; he was born at Sandringham a year ago last July, and this is already his second visit to Scotland.



THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FAMILY: PRINCE JOHN.

Prince John Charles Francis of Wales was born on the 12th of July, 1905.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

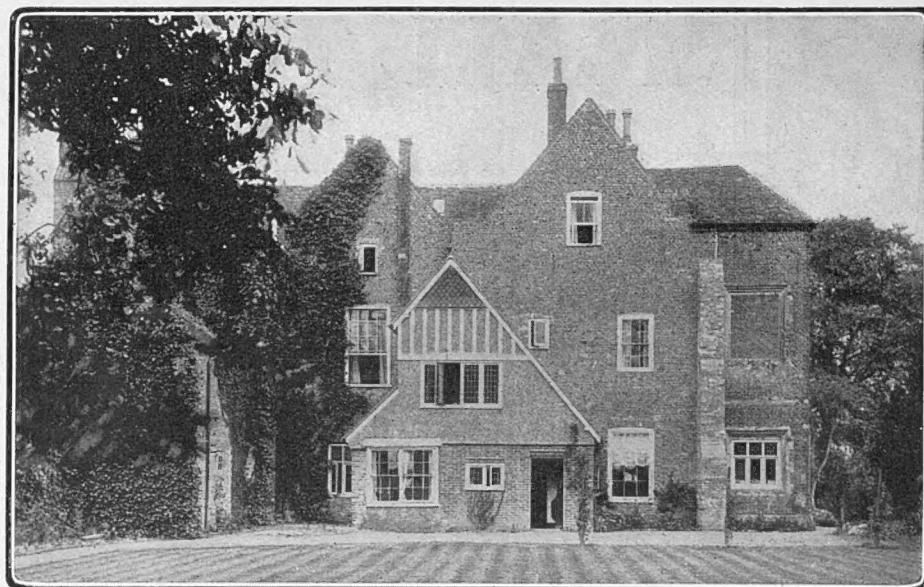
SEPT. 5, 1906

Lord Milner's English Home. Lord Milner—and this will be good news to a very large circle of people, for no man enjoys greater personal popularity—has set up as a country gentleman, and that within agreeably easy distance of town. To be precise, the great Pro-Consul has taken Sturry Court, one of the most characteristic and interesting of old Kentish manor-houses, and once an annex of a mighty Augustinian monastery. The estate is well wooded, and boasts of some excellent fishing, being delightfully placed on the banks of the Stour. Since his return from South Africa, Lord Milner has been the recipient of much hospitality both in town and country, and now, as host of a delightful house of his own, he will be able to entertain as only bachelors seem inclined to do in these hard times. For the present, by one of those odd conjunctions of fate which come for no apparent reason, the two men who have played so great a part in the recent life of the Empire, Lord Milner and Lord Curzon, are standing by idle; but great things are expected of both of them, and doubtless the coming year will see them play a prominent part in political affairs, for the Conservative Party is badly in need of new blood in the Upper as well as in the Lower House.

A September Peeress.

Since the marriages of the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Bute no engagement in the great Roman Catholic world has aroused as much interest as that of young Lord Gerard and Miss May Gosselin. The young Peer, who is now twenty-three years of age, is persona grata, at Court, the King having been an intimate friend of the late Lord Gerard, and having always shown marked favour to the latter's two children, of whom the eldest is now Baroness de Forest. Miss Gosselin, who will join the group of Roman Catholic peeresses on the 17th of this month, is her fiancé's first cousin, for the Hon. Lady Gosselin is a sister of the late owner of Eastwell Park and Garswood. Lord Gerard, like his father before him, is a keen sportsman, and shares his mother's love of horses. His bride-elect spent a great deal of her youth abroad, her father having been a distinguished diplomatist. She is highly educated, and is noted for her brilliant conversation.

The Premier's Great Bereavement. With a distinction of party, the deepest sympathy will be felt for the Prime Minister in the terrible bereavement which has befallen him. British statesmen have indeed been fortunate in their wives, and though Lady Campbell-Bannerman was not known to the British public in the same sense as were Lady Beaconsfield, Mrs. Gladstone, and Lady Salisbury, even "the man in the street" had become aware, during the last few months, how great a part his invalid wife played in the



LORD MILNER'S NEW ENGLISH HOME: STURRY COURT.

Sturry Court, which is pleasantly situated on the Stour, was a country seat of the abbots of the St. Augustine Monastery. The estate is well wooded, and provides good fishing.

Photograph by Bowmer.



LORD GERARD, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS MAY GOSELIN ON SEPTEMBER THE 17TH.

Frederic John Gerard, third Baron Gerard and a baronet, was born on November 10, 1883, and succeeded to the title four years ago. He is a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards. Miss May Gosselin is the daughter of the well-known diplomatist, the late Sir Martin Gosselin.

Photograph by Langford.



PUSS AS A LODGER: A HOLIDAY SCENE IN A CATS' HOME AT HAMMERSMITH.

Hammersmith possesses a home at which cats can be boarded while their owners are holiday-making. There the animals are brushed and combed each day, fed, and generally well cared for.—[Photograph by Bunnell.]

Premier's public, as well as in his inner life. *Née* Charlotte Bruce, the remarkable woman who has just passed away was the daughter of a brilliant Scotch soldier, and it is whispered that at the time of her marriage, which took place exactly forty-six years ago, the bridegroom—Henry Campbell, as he then was—was by way of being a Conservative; his bride being, on the other hand, a Liberal. Be that as it may, he entered public life on what his present supporters would emphatically describe as "the right side," and during his constantly ascending career he ever had a vigilant helper and untiring sympathiser in his wife. Yet again, if indiscreet rumour may be credited, Lady Campbell Bannerman played a decisive part in her husband's career last autumn. She was ardently desirous that he should become Prime Minister, and not retire to the Upper House, for no woman living ever less wished to be a Peeress. There is something profoundly pathetic in the thought that she should have ended her life in the beautiful Bohemian town where she and Sir Henry spent so many happy holidays, for they were among the first well-known British people to patronise Marienbad.

Byron's Grandson. The death of the second Earl of Lovelace snaps an interesting link with the past. He was the poet Byron's only grandson, and the depository of all the Byron papers. The new Peer is an agreeable, cultivated man, half-brother to the late Earl, and his wife, hitherto known as Lady Edith King Noel, is a daughter of Lord Lichfield. Ockham, the family seat, is near Ripley, in Surrey, and is one of the most charming country seats within easy distance of town. The eldest son of the house generally bears the courtesy title of Viscount Ockham.

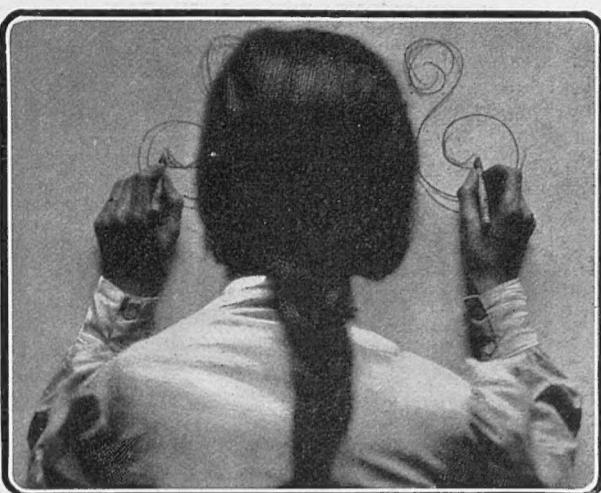
A £5,000 000 Oversight. Mr. Haldane will doubtless return more than ever confirmed in his passion for efficiency after his experience of the German Army. Their army is not only efficient, but honest. Sir Claude de Crespigny lost a valise during the Franco-German War. It passed

through many pairs of Prussian hands during the strife. At the close of the war it came back to him. Not a thing had been abstracted.

Linen, documents, everything was there, even to the flask of particularly excellent brandy which he had popped in for emergencies. Not a drop had been taken. But it is not only our War Office which is preaching efficiency. The same cry is heard at the Foreign Office, and with reason. There is a desk there to which old hands point with emotion. That desk cost the nation five millions sterling. In it is a pigeon-hole with a story. It was into that pigeon-hole that the despatch of King Theodore of Abyssinia was thrust—and forgotten. After we had been to war and spent the five millions, the document was found in the desk, and we all learned that there ought to have been no war.

*Paris parle
Anglais.*

is no longer necessary in Paris, for all the world speaks English. The invasion of our compatriots is extraordinary during August. They come in shiploads and train-loads, by the thousand. Their energy is as astonishing as their numbers. They visit the Louvre, the Madeleine, the Invalides, the Jardin des Plantes, the Bois de Boulogne, the Gobelins all in the same day, and in the evening they will fumigate the auditorium of the Moulin Rouge with the wares of the Imperial Tobacco Company. The tongue of Mr. Pickwick is the official language of Paris during the dog-days. Nevertheless, there are some people who make no attempt to learn the lingo of the conquering Briton. They are in hopeless case. Imagine, for instance, that they wish to pass a pretty compliment to the "petite Anglische" seated in the char-à-banc. It is distinctly awkward if the charming young person laughs just at the moment that her French admirer is trying to say "I love you!" in the real A1 accent. But she, poor girl—how is she to know it is a proposal when it sounds so like something to eat? But that solitary specimen of his race is rapidly getting into a desperate state. He is encompassed by an English atmosphere, and to escape it he has only one resource—to fly to London, where the Cockney is being replaced, at least temporarily, by the Gaul.



YOUNG AMERICA LEARNING TO DO DOUBLE "CHORES":
PRACTISING DRAWING WITH BOTH HANDS.

America, ever ambitious, is evidently desirous of "pushing" with both hands, and in several of her schools the pupils are now taught to be ambidextrous.

most promising *jeunes premiers* of the seventies, and when the daughters of Mr. Holford, of Dorchester House, Park Lane, as pretty, as accomplished, and as wealthy a group of sisters as were to be found the wide world over.

The People's Sport. Come to think of it, there is no other sport in the world which means so much to a people as that whose season began on Saturday—football. Certainly no other attracts such vast crowds of people who pay for their entertainment. It runs into millions every year. If the Association knew its business it would get out returns to show how unique is its position. It is, of course, the parent of all the clubs, but it does not know the number of its children. It ought. County and district associations are affiliated to the parent body, and each should state the number of its clubs. The figures, if known, would be amazing. The London Association alone has a thousand clubs. Many of those run two, three, even four teams each Saturday. That means that there are at least thirty thousand members of duly recognised clubs playing football in and about London for thirty-five Saturdays in the year. If all the returns of membership could be obtained, the Football Association might have figures to show such as the world of sport has never before known, and might incidentally prove that we do not all pay professionals to play for us.



HENRY CAMPBELL BRUCE, SECOND BARON ABERDARE, WHOSE ELDEST SON IS TO MARRY MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD.

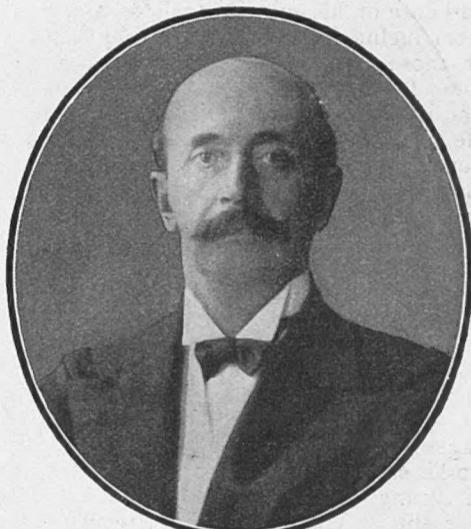
Photograph by Thomson.

many, and he spent his early manhood in travelling in out-of-the-way places, notably in the then little-known regions of North Africa. Then followed a long and distinguished career in the House of Commons, for he only succeeded his father ten years ago. A valued friend of the late Duchess of Teck, Lord Aberdare's powers of organisation have been most valuable to the Princess Mary Village Homes for Poor Children, and another of his philanthropic hobbies has long been the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. As an art connoisseur and judicious buyer of good pictures, Lord Aberdare has few rivals, and he has priceless treasures both at Duffryn, his Welsh seat, and in his town house. Lord Aberdare is a grandson of the famous Lord

Lyndhurst, hence the second name of Miss Clifford's fiancé, the Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, eldest of his Lordship's four sons.

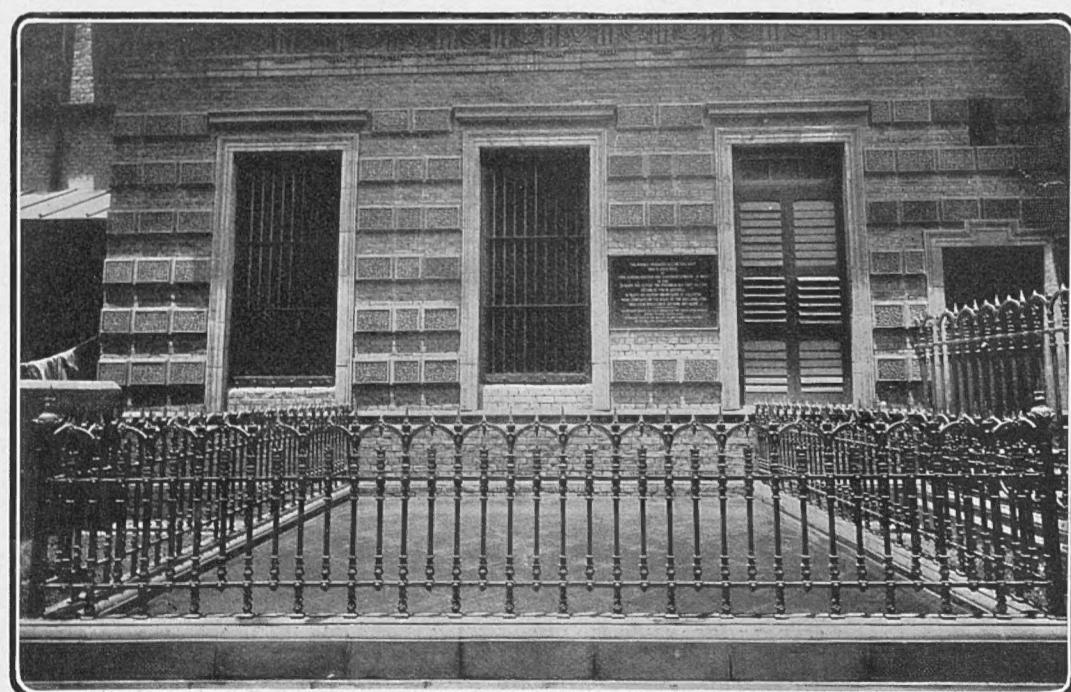
Lord Grey's Accident.

The Governor-General of Canada may be congratulated on his escape last week from what might have been a terribly serious accident, and the loss of his eyesight. It is difficult to imagine a more unpleasant occurrence than that of an incandescent globe bursting and scattering its glass splinters in proximity to those sections of the human frame which have been somewhat euphemistically described as "the windows of the soul." Lord Grey's usual luck did not desert him, however, and few Englishmen living have a larger circle of friends to deplore any misfortune happening to them. The son of that General Grey who was Prince Albert's first and most intimate friend among Englishmen, the present overlord of Canada was brought up in an atmosphere of Courts. As Mr. Albert Grey he was one of the



INJURED BY THE EXPLOSION OF AN ELECTRIC-LIGHT BULB: EARL GREY, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.



THE EXTRAORDINARY "BLACK HOLE" PANIC: THE "BLACK HOLE" AT CALCUTTA.

The site of the General Post Office, Calcutta, is near the famous "Black Hole," and when one of the massive stone steps of the building began to rise from its place without any apparent reason the other day, the rumour spread, first, that there had been a temple of the god Siva on the spot and that the deity was about to emerge, and, secondly, that the English murdered in the "Black Hole" were rising to exact vengeance. The excitement was so great, the *Globe* tells us, that the municipal authorities felt it necessary to have the place excavated. No cause for the movement was found.—[Photograph by Bainbridge.]

A Farewell in Figures. The story of the opening of the Parliament of Tonga, which has only just come

to hand, must possess a special interest for Mr. Basil Thomson, who, during a spell of the most romantic and interesting days ever enjoyed by a Briton, was Prime Minister. He has told us the story in a delightful volume. The spirit of frugality which now, apparently, pervades the Court is different from that which the whilom Premier knew. Feasts were long and heavy. That which signalled the granting of the Constitution was Gargantuan. But there is pathos as well as bathos in the life of the people of Tonga. Came one morning in from sea a little crumpled letter, picked up by a steamer. It reads as follows—

162 78982,
810 6126 74 m2 127216 m2 892 162 9812 74 m2
m274 b4 810 m2 892 16274 16m 807850 892 270.
1820 2m454 m8 232.

Not very illuminating on the face of it. But all young Tongans know this cryptogram. Translated into English it read: "To Tofoa,— We cannot endure our love for Foka; we would rather die. We send our love to you all.

Farewell.—

Amele
a n d
A n a."

T h e

two pretty signatories had
rowed out to sea and
committed suicide.

A Charming Young Peeress.

One of the most interesting among the younger Peeresses is Lady Dunsany, for she is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Jersey, and as a girl knew all the most notable people in London. Every member of the Jersey branch of the house of Villiers always bears among his or her Christian names the curious one of "Child" thus perpetuating the cognomen of the great heiress who brought beautiful Osterley



[Photo. Gillman.]
LADY DUNSDANY, WHO HAS JUST GIVEN BIRTH TO A SON AND HEIR.

Lady Dunsany is a daughter of Lord and Lady Jersey, and before her marriage was known as Lady Beatrice Villiers.

Park into her husband's family. Lady Dunsany is, of course, no exception to the rule, but she is generally called by her first name of Beatrice. The marriage of the clever Irish Peer to Lady Beatrice Villiers took place two years ago, and last autumn the bridegroom wrote a curious volume entitled "The Gods of Régana," a rather interesting departure for a young man who was regarded as one of the most soldierly of the many Peers who fought in the South African War. Lord and Lady Dunsany spend a great deal of their time in Ireland, where the announcement of the birth of their son and heir the other day caused considerable interest.

The King's Tips. The amount King Edward disburses in tips is very large. When he visits in England his presents to the servants come to something like two hundred pounds, and in some cases to three hundred pounds when there are many servants. When he goes out with a shooting-party he gives each beater a sovereign and the gamekeepers a five or a ten pound note. But when he goes abroad he has to spend even more. A few years ago, when he visited the Emperor Francis Joseph, he gave away a thousand pounds in tips and presents, and he distributed the same amount when he went to Germany for the



WILL IT EVER BE WON? THE CHANNEL CUP.

The trophy illustrated is the gift of Mr. A. Alexander, and will be presented to whoever first succeeds in swimming across the English Channel.

funeral of his sister, the Empress Frederick. The Kaiser is equally generous, for each time that he has been to England he has given away a thousand pounds to the servants, and when he was over here for the funeral of Queen Victoria his presents cost him the sum of two thousand pounds. But the Tsar is the most lavish of all monarchs in his tips. When he came over to England, he left behind with an official of the Court a cheque for three thousand pounds, to be distributed among the lesser officials and servants who had attended upon him.

For a Dog's Sake. Those—very—learned in the law seem to be marked down for excitements just now. The fire at Judge Ellicott's house the other day was only one of several incidents by which the serenity of the judicial atmosphere has been disturbed. His Honour may be certain that in the general sympathy which his heavy misfortune has called forth he will have that of Lord Brampton in a very special degree. For the Sir Henry Hawkins of other days knows from personal experience the dangers and trials of such a crisis. Many of us remember that famous little terrier, "Jack," which was wont to go regularly on circuit with him.

Press
a n d
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used to

make fun of the dog and its owner—in a quite non-committal, friendly sort of way, of course. But only his intimates knew how the great Judge treasured that small friend. The test came when a fire occurred at his chambers. He got out without difficulty, but the dog remained. Without a moment's hesitation, the veteran plunged back into the blazing building and bore his pet away in safety.

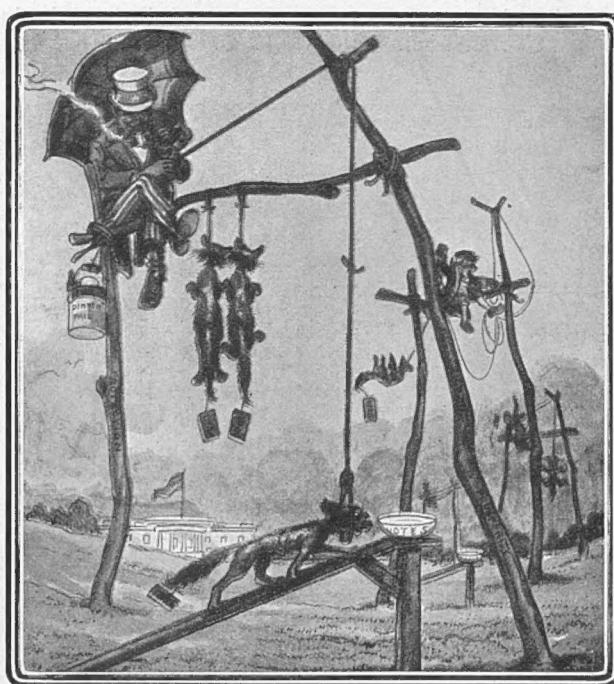
The Coming Society Sport. Perhaps ballooning should be described as having "arrived" rather than as "coming." France already



THE ONLY LADY ADMIRAL IN THE WORLD:
H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

Her Majesty is devoted to the sea. She received the rank of Admiral from the late Tsar of Russia.

has her weekly paper devoted to those whose one ambition is to spend all the time possible floating through the balmy ether, and where France leads England is not likely to lag behind in these days when the greatest ambition of the Frenchman is to be quite English, and that of the Englishman to be quite French. The fact that ballooning is not an economical way of enjoying oneself does not seem likely to be a deterrent, and if one is to believe enthusiasts, the world may be within sight of the time when the balloon-bus may cause as many bitter complaints and lamentations as does its motor brother, despite the fact that it could hardly be responsible for so pungent an odour or so noisy a progress. As is generally the case in every form of outdoor amusement, the ladies are well to the front in ballooning, perhaps the keenest and most successful of them all being the Princess Teano, the Italian granddaughter of Lady Walsingham, and a noted beauty, who not only speaks, but writes English perfectly, as those who have read her accounts of her ballooning adventures will at once admit. The Duke of the Abruzzi is also a balloonist, and one of the first to encourage the plucky Santos-Dumont was the scientifically minded Prince of Monaco.



"JUDGE" TRANSFORMS A "SKETCH" DRAWING INTO A CARTOON: THE AMERICAN JOURNAL'S VERSION OF OUR DRAWING "NOISING WILD CATS BY THE KYLES OF BUTE." *Judge*, the well-known American humorous paper, has put Mr. Heath Robinson's drawing, "Noising Wild Cats by the Kyles of Bute," published in our issue of July 18, to ingenious political use in the manner shown. It will be noted that the general appearance of the subject is unchanged.—[Reproduced from "Judge."]

EACH IN TWO PARTS:

MISS CONNIE EDISS AND MR. HENRY A. LYTTON IN "UNITED SERVICE," AT THE PAVILION.



1. MR. HENRY A. LYTTON AS PRIVATE MIKE O'FLANAGAN.
2. MISS CONNIE EDISS AS SALLY, A COOK, AND MR. HENRY
A. LYTTON AS PRIVATE MIKE O'FLANAGAN.

3. MR. HENRY A. LYTTON AS LORD KNIGHTRIDGE.
4. MISS CONNIE EDISS AS LADY BERTIE BLENKINSOP.
5. MISS CONNIE EDISS AS SALLY, A COOK.

Miss Connie Ediss and Mr. Henry A. Lytton recently began an engagement at the London Pavilion in Mr. George Rollit's "United Service." Both actors double parts.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.



BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Lesser Amnesty. Kaiser William's amnesty, not having been as comprehensive as had been expected, has naturally not satisfied those who had indulged hopes of more generous measures. The amnesty is not the most limited ever granted to Prussia. Frederick the Great once issued one which was smaller—and funnier. But it was unpremeditated. At

you for to-morrow evening." There was truth in the grand old man's voice, and the highwayman lowered his pistol and clinched the bargain.

After Many Days. Next night the money was awaiting him in the place appointed, and Lord Stanhope, in the course of years, forgot his loss. Then, very long afterwards, he attended a City dinner,

and had for his *vis-à-vis* a great money magnate, with whom he



"here is your Captaincy. I tried to give it to you this morning, but you ran away so quickly I could not catch you."

"Stand and Deliver!" It may or may not be true that smart society in Long Island has taken to burglary as a mild variant of the excitements of the gaming-table. Stranger things have happened in our own blessed land. It seemed quite a gentlemanly man who stopped the fourth Earl of Stanhope late one night, but his words were the

enjoyed a pleasant conversation. Next day there came to his hand a letter enclosing notes for one hundred guineas. With them was a note saying that it was his Lordship's kind loan of the sum enclosed many years previously which had enabled the sender to gain a start in life, and permitted him, after all those years, to enjoy the privilege of sitting opposite him at dinner on the previous evening. The City magnate of the preceding night and the gentleman of the road of the many years earlier were one and the same.

Finger-Prints on the Sultan's Flag.

The commercial houses of Hamburg are to guard themselves against defalcations, it seems, by causing their cashiers to affix their thumb-prints to all cheques and receipts. Finger-prints are obviously to take a more general place in our daily affairs. The mark of Bill Stumps will in future be an impression of a thumb dipped in ink, instead of the cross made while he lays a finger upon the pen which another man guides. But the Turks had thought all this out centuries ago. On the personal flag of the Sultan to-day you may trace the finger-prints of the Sultan Murad I., imprinted on it five-and-a-half-hundred years ago. He could not write, but needing a device for his standard, he dipped his open hand in ink, and dabbed that upon the paper from which the design was to be

LEAD SALVATIONISTS: TOY SALVATION ARMY SOLDIERS.

The Salvation Army, bent on encouraging recruiting, is selling sets of leaden Salvation Army soldiers wearing the uniform of the several ranks. The arms of the figures are made to move. Eight of them cost a shilling.

wrought. They wrote in between the finger-marks his name and titles, and that device has lasted to this day. The names are altered for each reign, but the sign-manual of the illiterate Sultan remains.

words
of the
highway-
man: "Your
money or your
life." The noble-

man explained that he had not any money in his pocket at the moment, and he thought that his life was best in his own keeping. "But you have a watch," said the enemy. "My friend," answered the other, "I have a watch, it is true, but it is one I highly prize. It is worth a hundred guineas to me. If you will trust me, I will place notes for that sum in this tree in readiness for

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD OF TRAGEDY!—RUSSIA.



A RUSSIAN GIRL WHO SOUGHT TO RID HERSELF OF TWO SWEETHEARTS BY INVITING THEM TO RACE OVER QUICKSANDS.

It is said that the young Russian girl whose portrait we give attempted to get rid of two men who were pestering her with their attentions by suggesting that they should run a race on the sands of the Liman. The men agreed to do so, and found themselves in a quicksand. The girl is now in an asylum.



AN ACTRESS WHO INVENTED A "BULLETPROOF" ARMOUR FOR THE USE OF THE ST. PETERSBURG POLICE.

Mlle. Vassilief, the well-known dancer of the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, recently invented an armour which was to protect the police against the bullets of Revolutionaries. Unfortunately, her powers of invention proved less valuable than she had hoped, and shots fired at the armour passed through it easily.



A RUSSIAN ACTRESS WHO TURNED SHAM INTO REAL TRAGEDY BY STABBING AN ACTOR ON THE STAGE.

The actress whose portrait we give was pestered by an actor in the same company as herself. One evening, just before the performance, he proposed marriage, and was refused. In the last act of the play the actress had to stab her lover with a property hat-pin. When the time for this came she actually stabbed him.



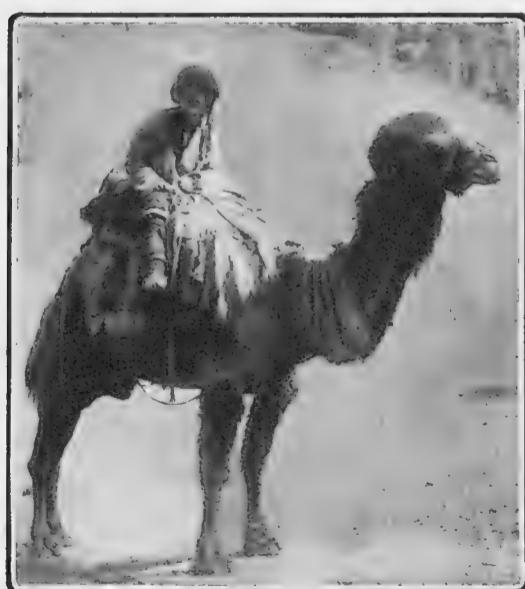
A MERRY-GO-ROUND EXPELLED FOR PLAYING "REVOLUTIONARY TUNES."

The merry-go-round here shown was suppressed by the Russian police on the ground that its proprietor, who was promptly sent across the frontier under escort, was "attempting to create a disturbance by allowing his organ to grind out tunes of a revolutionary character."



A THEATRICAL COMPANY EXPELLED FROM RUSSIA.

The company of gypsy players incurred the displeasure of the Russian Government by giving tableaux of the massacres of gypsies in the cities of Batoum and Baku. These were obviously too realistic to be palatable to those in authority, who do not care for "publicity" in any form.



A BRIGAND WHO HAS KILLED OVER 300 RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AND POLICEMEN.

The Russian Government has offered ten thousand roubles for Murad Kisilun, the famous brigand of the Caucasus, dead or alive. He is here shown on the camel he rides in preference to a horse.



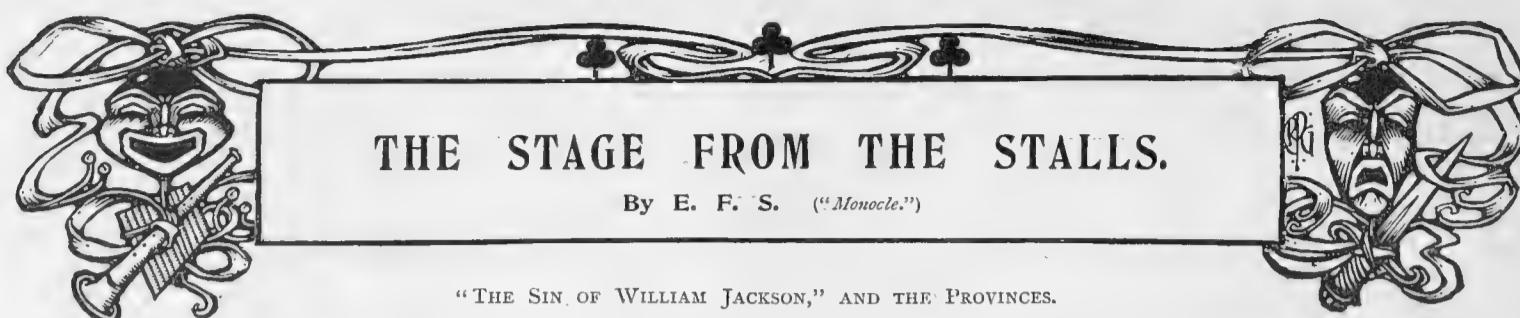
THE RUSSIAN "ELLEN TERRY."

Mlle. Krushelnitsky is thought by some to resemble Miss Ellen Terry. This cannot be said to be very apparent to our eyes.



THE TSAR'S HUMAN ALARM CLOCKS AWAKENING HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY.

Our photograph shows two men of the Imperial Horse Guards band, whose business it is to awaken the Tsar each morning by blowing fanfares beneath his window. St. Petersburg has lost no time in dubbing them "the Imperial Alarm Clocks."



"THE SIN OF WILLIAM JACKSON," AND THE PROVINCES.

TO say that "The Sin of William Jackson" had lost its way when it arrived at the Lyric Theatre is to utter an obvious truism. There is plenty of room in the world for good, downright melodrama, and this effort by the Baroness Orczy and Mr. Montagu Barstow is very downright, and will be found to be good in some respects by the audiences to which it should have been presented. Even those for whom it is not intended will probably find it preferable to "The Scarlet Pimpernel," in which these two authors made their successful first appearance on the stage, since it contains the elements of a real problem. To what extent, if at all, is a man justified in not preventing a blackguard from rushing to his own destruction? And if the blackguard is the husband of the woman whom the man loves, is the blackguard's death, under such circumstances, an insuperable barrier in the way of the happiness of the man and the widow? Strict rules of honour probably give as answer to the first question, "To no extent," and to the second, "Yes." Rough common-sense will reverse this verdict, and in the East End of London, in which the scene is

the staple dramatic food, though, of course, all the "London successes" of more pretentious plays are sent on tour, success being estimated strictly by commercial considerations. Manchester, no doubt, to some extent forms an exception to this proposition. Do these facts prove that the standard of taste in the provinces is lower than that of the town? I doubt. Can anyone cite the case of a fine play which has been successful in London and fallen flat outside? I think not. Is there any rubbish earning money in the provinces which would not do good business in London? I believe not.

If stock companies existed in our big provincial cities it is conceivable that the present movement in drama might stir into life some local companies that would assist in a task of decentralisation that might prove very valuable. At present the ordinary theatre out of London is a species of hotel for the reception of visitors from town. In some cases plays of no value are run at a loss in London for months in order that they may figure as great London successes



A TRAIN ROBBERY AS AN AMERICAN SPECTACLE: "HANDS UP!"

America's desire for spectacular sensations is apparently insatiable. Of many of these we have heard—notably of that which comprised the collision of two railway engines running at full speed. Our illustration shows another railway spectacle—a realistic "hold up."

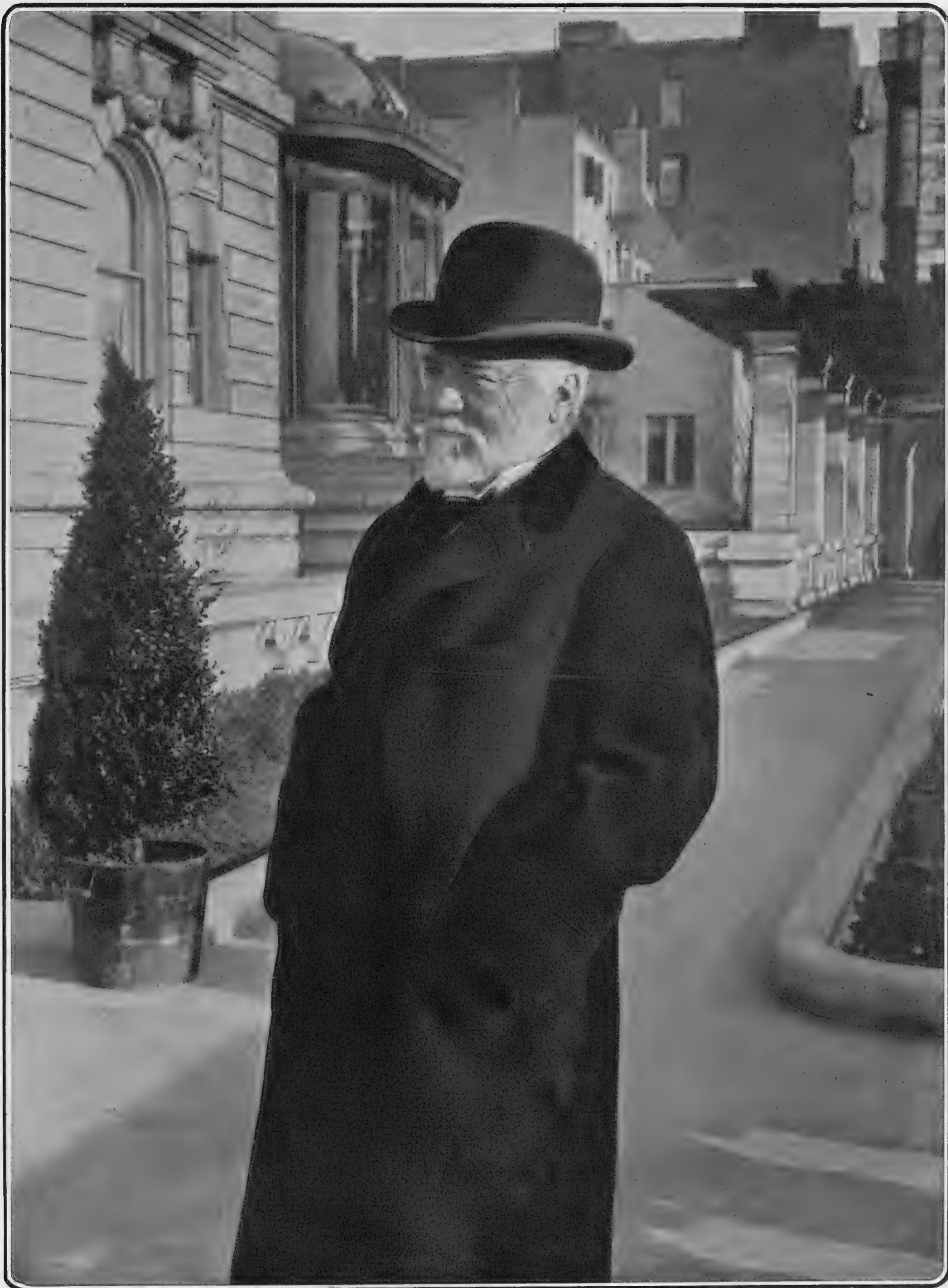
laid, rough common-sense would almost certainly prevail. The necessity of a happy ending leads the authors in the direction of common-sense. The plot is fairly ingenious, but the characterisation and the humour are as vigorously underlined as ever the East End or the Surrey side could desire. It is a little pathetic to find so admirable an actress as Miss Nina Boucicault exercising her fine art in such matter. Mr. John Tresahar, Mr. Robert Pateman, Mr. Ernest Leicester, and Miss Ruth Mackay seem more at home, and their performances were excellent in their different ways.

Perhaps some have judged "The Sin of William Jackson" rather unfairly: another play is due at the Lyric so soon after the melodrama in question that it may be assumed that William Jackson's appearance in London is only a kind of preliminary canter to a tour in the provinces, and it should be regarded by us as intended not for town consumption, but for exportation. At the same time, it is rather surprising, if this theory be true, that it should be assumed that the taste of the provinces is so much humbler than that of the people in town. As one from the country I protest against the implied proposition that London has a sort of monopoly of good taste in art, though, alas! there is some evidence to support it which may be found by anyone who cares to study the newspapers which record what is passing in the theatres throughout the country. Melodrama, musical comedy, and boisterous farce form

by reason of the length of the run. The London Press assists by publishing official and semi-official statements as to the success of the pieces which everyone connected with London drama knows to be false. Thus, aided by these means, the enterprises travel through the provinces, paying a short visit at each place, and, not unnaturally, are able to make money, seeing that they are gone from every town ere the inhabitants have discovered that "the great London success that has run 300 nights at the — Theatre" is a piece of puffed shoddy

When I am in the country I naturally think of going to the theatre, but what do I find at the playhouses? Merely plays that I have seen in the West End or pieces that were born in London outside the little circle of West End houses; and they are presented, according to the importance of the town, by A, B, or C, or "fit-up" companies from London—for in a sense, under the present curious condition of things, it may be said that every actor and actress in the land comes from London, though very many have few, if any, chances of exhibiting their powers in the small set of playhouses whose doings are seriously considered by the London Press. There is no provincial drama, there are no provincial players, there are no provincial playhouses: we have merely London plays in the provinces, London players in the provinces, and London playhouses in the provinces. It is not altogether surprising that we do not have London audiences in the provinces.

SPELL - AS - YOU - PLEASE CARNEGIE.



FINANCIAL BACKER OF THE NEW KING'S ENGLISH: MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE IN THE "YARD" OF HIS NEW YORK RESIDENCE.

The Simplified Spelling Board, whose plan for revolutionising spelling has been adopted by President Roosevelt, is financed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, that worthy millionaire being of the opinion that "we should not rest until it (the English language) is as nearly phonetic as the Italian. When that day comes, its spread over the world will be rapid. Indeed, the only bar to its becoming the universal language is its irregular spelling."

Stereograph copyrighted 1906 by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

SHOULD LANGUAGE BE SIMPLIFIED?

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.



NERVOUS PORTER (*in a single breath*): I s'pose yer don't 'appen ter know nobody wot ain't stoppin' 'ere wot ain't sent for no one not to move no luggage nor nothink, do yer?

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

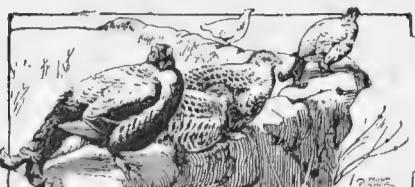
THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

BEING THE STORY OF A CANINE RAKEWELL.



II.—HE MIXES WITH LOW COMPANY, AND LISTENS TO IMPROPER STORIES.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES (WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SHADE OF HOGARTH).



WEEK-END PAPERS

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.



North and South. The Southerner is having the best of things just now. He is out among the partridges and enjoying a good time. Corn is cut and the fields are clear, the days are long and warm, and if the reports of last July prove reliable, birds should be plentiful and strong on the wing. In the North, on the other hand there is a little lull in proceedings. The grouse have



A DIVING DOG — A PLUNGE INTO THE SERPENTINE.

The dog whose photograph we give belongs to a member of the Serpentine Swimming Club, and swims and dives as well as any man.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

grown wary; in places where driving is impossible or very difficult it is hard to get on any terms with the birds. They have brought all their cunning to their aid, and without good dogs the hardest work on moors that cannot be driven is almost useless. On the lower grounds there are partridges in plenty; dozens of coveys have been seen since the middle of August, but they are very safe just now. Look down from the moorland to the lower fields that seem to strive in vain to reach it, and you will see that the corn is only just turning yellow. There is no chance of its being cut for some days yet, and at present it is a sanctuary for wild life. The pheasant is there, so is the partridge, and even a few black-game have been seen from time to time, while the rabbits cannot be numbered for multitude, and there must be a few hares.

In the Depths of the Corn. Go down towards late afternoon and walk along the edge of the corn-lands and you can see flocks of wild pigeons hard at work. Wait a little later and you will see rabbits, grey and black, stealing out of the corn and playing round their burrows. When a lively young terrier, who ought to have known better, went into the corn after a rabbit the other day he put up a splendid blackcock, who went off with about as much regard to speed-limit as if he had been a racing motor-car. He must have come from a considerable distance, because there are pheasants in this neighbourhood, and since they came to the woods the grey hens have ceased to breed there. Like all other good things, holiday must come to an end, and in the early days of September one waits anxiously for the corn-cutting and finds little consolation in letters from the South setting out the splendid sport that has greeted the coming of September. Birds and beasts know quite well enough that the corn favours them; they tend to avoid even the root crops unless they are so thick that it is quite possible for rabbits to run unseen through them and to double in their own tracks and to sit still, and, generally speaking, to trick their pursuers in every possible way. Moreover, rumour and anxiety tend always to double the number of birds that the cornfields hold. I believe we sometimes see the same coveys several times, but nobody admits the possibility. We are all sure that the corn is packed with partridges, and are equally certain that the farmers do not understand their business, and that cutting is absurdly late.

The Terror of Harvest Time. If fur and feather could think and understand, the time of the cutting of the corn would surely be the most terrible of their lives. We do not always realise how much shelter the corn affords all manner of birds

and beasts. The birds-of-prey and the four-footed destroyers like stoat and weasel are baffled by the corn; the rabbit can go in safety and the hare can lie undisturbed if she has been driven from her accustomed haunts in more open places. The frightened partridge that possesses a covey and responsibilities has no more to do than to drop amid the sheltering grain, and can then summon the family and live the simple life in peace. Countless little mice and many birds, including the corn-crake, whose harsh cry comes so pleasantly from the fields, depend upon the corn for shelter, and when it is all down they can no longer recognise the fields in which the greater part of their life has been spent.

Grouse-Poaching. I have been discussing with an authority the vexed question of grouse-poaching, and the devices practised by the lawless section of game-getters in order to secure early birds. My friend assures me that many unprotected moors are worked by poachers in early August with fine silk nets. Of course, this poaching is done by night, and is aided by a skilled pointer that carries a lantern round its neck. The coveys are marked, the nets are manipulated with practised care, and the birds are taken alive. They are then put into a basket and driven to some secure retreat where they are kept until the eleventh of the month, and fed on oats. While some refuse their food, the great majority soon cease to mope, and enjoy their two daily meals given at the proper hours—namely, in the very early morning and late afternoon. On the eleventh the grouse are killed early, kept hanging through the day, and sent to the nearest big market by the evening train, packed in boxes that are not supposed to hold game birds at all. Of course, the railway authorities



A NOVEL AERIAL RAILWAY AT SOUTHPORT.

This railway, which is in use over the artificial lake at Southport, is suggestive of the rocket apparatus for saving life at sea, and of that amusement once so popular at fairs and now revived at Earl's Court Exhibition — the "aerial flight."

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

keep a keen eye on suspicious consignments, and only a year or two ago some dealers in a Highland shire were caught and paid heavy penalties; but the illicit trade flourishes because the profits are held to justify the risks. Men who live in the wild country where the grouse flourish are very hard to deny: they take rank with those salmon-poachers who are the despise of the water-bailiff.

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THE MAGGOT SIGHT-TEST.



MISS MIGGS: It was very good of you, Willy, to give that poor blind man your apple; but what are you waiting for?

WILLY: I want to see if he'll find the maggot in it!

NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE MYSTERY OF MISS HAWKER.

BY H. C. DAVIDSON.

WE seldom spoke to her and she seldom spoke to us—never unless someone addressed her first. All that we knew about her was that she called herself Miss Hawker. If she had any friends they never wrote to her; at least, no one had ever seen a letter for her lying in the hall. Still, though she was a mystery to us, I do not think she excited enough interest to make us wonder who she was or whence she had come—whether she had any object in life beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping, which to some make up the total of living. Most of the men, including myself, left for the City after an early breakfast, and did not return much before we had to dress for dinner, at which meal we saw her for the first time, a silent figure in that noisy party, solitary in the midst of a crowd. In her loneliness—and there can be no intenser loneliness than that of an invalid woman in a large boarding-house—there was no little pathos, had we been able to see it; but we were too wrapped up in ourselves to pay much heed to her.

She was not badly, though rather peculiarly, dressed—a little bunched, if a mere man may be allowed to coin a description for a lady's toilet. She reminded me of a sparrow puffed out by contact with a chilly atmosphere. She had once been pretty, and retained some traces of her earlier comeliness; her complexion was still fresh; but if her eyes had not entirely lost their brightness, they seemed generally to be fixed on some far-away scene, invisible to all except herself. When she attempted to listen to the conversation around her, it was with an obvious effort, soon abandoned. Miss Grogan, who was young, good-looking, and frivolous, used to laugh at her; Mrs. Craker, who was heavy-featured, over-dressed, and sharp-tongued, made some speeches at her; the rest of us ignored her existence.

With one exception—Major Skelerton, a tall, lean, grey-haired man of rather striking appearance, his usual garb being a Scotch cap, a tight, skimpy, light check tail-coat, and riding-breeches which emphasised the thinness of his legs. He appeared to have been everywhere, to have seen everything worth seeing, and to have known everyone worth knowing. It was reported among us that he was a nobleman in disguise and that he had lost all his money by gambling. The first story was doubtless a myth, the second was probably true. At any rate, when he had money—which was not often—he invariably gambled it away. It is singular that Skelerton, thorough man of the world as he was, should not have had his finer feelings blunted, yet his never-failing courtesy was more than a superficial polish. But he it was who came forward to rescue Miss Hawker from her isolation.

It was our habit to play bridge after dinner. One afternoon he asked her if she played.

"I have—but not very often—played whist," she replied in her hesitating way.

"Oh, then, you can play bridge," he said. "I shall be pleased if you will play with us this evening."

A half-pleased, half-frightened expression came into her eyes as she looked up at him.

"For—for money?" she almost whispered.

"Oh, well, I can hardly call it for money. The stakes are so small, you know. We will play for nothing if you like."

But she was too timid to accept the suggestion.

Then he went to Mrs. Craker and Miss Grogan. As they were the two ladies most unfriendly to Miss Hawker, it was evidently his idea—a man's feeble idea about the opposite sex—to win them over.

"If you have not yet made up your set for to-night," he said, "will you play with me?"

"With pleasure, Major," remarked Mrs. Craker briskly. "Who shall we get as the fourth?"

"I thought it would be nice to ask Miss Hawker; she gets very little fun out of life."

"Miss Hawker!" She made a wry face at Miss Grogan. "Can she play? Wouldn't Patience be more in her line?"

"Then let her be my partner. I'll take the risk."

It certainly was a risk, for Miss Hawker revoked three times in the course of the evening. Miss Grogan tittered; Mrs. Craker was sarcastic; but Skelerton, the actual sufferer, never lost his good-humour. He treated his erring partner with an old-fashioned courtesy which was very charming, and so helped to relieve her embarrassment a little. With the good fortune which so often attends the novice, she held wonderful hands, and in spite of her ignorance of the game, they left off winners of some small sum.

"Have you lost anything, Miss Hawker?" inquired Skelerton, observing that she was looking anxiously about her.

"I put half-a-sovereign on the table when I sat down," she faltered, "and it's—I can't see it."

There was a moment's awkward silence. Mrs. Craker, sitting bolt upright in her chair, turned fiercely upon Miss Hawker. But before she could speak, Skelerton said cheerfully—

"Then it must have been knocked down. I'll soon find it."

He pushed aside his chair and proceeded to hunt about the floor for it. Miss Hawker's distress was so obvious that it ought to have softened even Mrs. Craker and Miss Grogan, but they sat silent and scornful, as if they were injured by her loss. Skelerton's inability to find the coin rendered the position more and more intolerable. But presently he made a pounce and rose, saying—

"Here is your half-sovereign, Miss Hawker," and he placed it on the table.

Her voice trembled as she thanked him. It was one of those little scenes from which all Englishmen shrink. He hastily said good night and walked from the room. In the large hall, which was used as a lounge, he stopped to light a cigarette. Miss Grogan overtook him.

"You spoiled my fun, Major Skelerton," she said. "Here is your half-sovereign."

He gazed doubtfully at the coin which she laid in his hand and then at her.

"I don't understand," he said gravely.

"Oh, come, you will say next that the half-sovereign which you gave Miss Hawker was hers. It was your own. I saw you take it out of your pocket. There is hers—in your hand. I took it for a joke to see what the old frump would do."

"Then perhaps you will excuse my saying that I still don't understand fun of that sort. Good night, Miss Grogan," and with unusual curtness he turned and left her.

The incident had several consequences. It excited Miss Grogan's spiteful ingenuity, and it drove the chivalrous old man more into Miss Hawker's society. Led on by her first success, she took to playing bridge every night; but fortune no longer favoured her, and as she had little idea of the game, she nearly always lost—evidently more than she could afford. She lived in a cheerless little room near the roof, and to her a few shillings made all the difference between comparative affluence and poverty. It was painful to watch the development of the gambling instinct in this gentle, timid little woman. The curious thing was that Skelerton, himself an inveterate gambler, tried hard to check the spirit which he had innocently aroused. The more she lost the more she played, and the more the shadow deepened in her face.

There was one thing which began to excite the curiosity of the other ladies. Once a week, usually on the same day, Miss Hawker appeared at early breakfast and soon afterwards went out, returning about noon. It was noticed that on these occasions she looked more bunched than ever. Some said that she carried parcels under her loose cape. Here was a mystery which demanded investigation at the hands of those who had more time to devote to their neighbours' business than to their own, and there were many such among us.

"I believe," said Mrs. Craker to a council sitting around the drawing-room fire, "the creature is selling her things to pay her gambling debts."

"She might do worse," said Skelerton, who had entered unobserved. "I have known people who never thought of paying debts of any kind."

"You are rude, Major Skelerton," said Mrs. Craker haughtily.

"I hope not, Madam. I spoke solely in defence of a lady not here to defend herself."

"You admit, then, that she needs defence."

"I admit that anyone who is attacked needs defence."

"The Major is growing intolerable," declared Mrs. Craker, when he had left the room. "The best thing he can do is to marry the woman."

"And you really think," said Mrs. Marshall, a pleasant-faced woman with flaxen hair, "she goes out to pawn her clothes?"

"Why else should she wear that hideous cape?"

"But in that case, wouldn't she come back lean? As it is, she goes out fat and comes back fat."

"She can make up, surely."

Mrs. Marshall said no more. Mrs. Craker had such a sledge-hammer way of arguing that it was pleasanter to agree with her than to differ from her.

Exactly what happened on the following day is not very clear—the

[Continued overleaf.]

BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

(A CONTINUATION OF "THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.")



VIII.—GUDGEON-HUNTING ON BARTON BROAD.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

accounts were so conflicting. Miss Grogan and a collie belonging to Mrs. Craker were certainly concerned in it. She maintained it was an accident, but I have my doubts. At any rate, she and the dog and Miss Hawker, just returned from one of her periodical visits to the City, got mixed up together in the hall, with disastrous results to Miss Hawker. Skelerton, who was in the smoking-room, hearing the disturbance, arrived in time to see her kneeling over the contents of a large parcel. Crying, she was trying with trembling fingers to collect them. They looked like dress materials, and just beyond lay the printed form of a big drapery firm, with some instructions in writing.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Craker, prominent among the excited ladies who stood around, "the woman's a dressmaker!"

Skelerton heard the speech, but took no notice of it. He pushed to the front and knelt by Miss Hawker's side.

"Let me help you," he said. He got the things together, though in no very orderly manner, put them under his arm and helped her to rise. His touch seemed to give her a courage which she had never shown before.

"A dressmaker!" was repeated behind.

She turned and faced them.

"It's quite true," she said, in little gasps. "I have not enough to live on, and I do what work I can get to supplement it. Is it wrong? If so, I can go. I will go in any case—to-morrow."

And she went. Skelerton left on the following day.

"They might just as well," said Mrs. Craker, "have gone together."



THE LONELY WOMAN.

BY HERBERT SHAW.



ONE night Lord Harold Stevens came home early, and found Okeby just coming away from his house. There had been talk of Okeby and Stevens's wife, and indeed Okeby was a woman's man. After a minute, Stevens caught Okeby off his feet and pitched him into—or rather through—the high bushes bordering the drive. Okeby, having fallen awkwardly, lay on the moist earth, and whined occasionally till daybreak with the pain of a sprained ankle.

Stevens, now three-quarters a madman and the rest of him a devil, went into the house and raged. Heaven alone knows the reason of the first little estrangement between these two, but she was always a proud woman. She stood sideways to the window, drawing the curtains back, and stared into the dark. Only when silence came at last, she turned and cried "Harold!" tremulously, believing him still there.

It was too late. He had gone silently from the room.

Okeby, ill advised, brought an action for assault. Stevens did not trouble to attend, and was heavily fined. Then he brought his action.

Because of these several points, the Stevens versus Stevens and Okeby case was of a kind to thrill the newspaper-reading public over their breakfasts. It made a good story, and it was worked for all it was worth. She did not shrink from the crowded court; she did not seem to care. Stevens himself, or the fiend in him, had hardly bargained for all this—the pictures in the papers, the stupid raked-up yarns.

The one satisfactory thing in the whole affair was that Okeby was downed. Stevens' men had gone into the back years of Okeby with result. Okeby of the curly hair, the great, wide mouth, and the fat, white hands must now be on the wrong side of many doors that he had known.

When the case was over (and a word of credit must be given to Stevens' men for the beautiful way in which they engineered it), she went to stay in the country, and was excessively and terribly lonely for six weeks. That was in a little cottage between Washington and Worthing, in the shadow of Chanctonbury Hill, with its crowning clump of trees. At the end of that time she could stand it no longer, and she moved into Brighton to be near streets and people walking, and the cabs on the wood-paving that sounded like London.

She stayed there in a house by the many cross-roads, eastward, near the sea. She said to herself, after a week, that she did not love boarding-house folk. There were a man and his wife there, upright people, a boy who wrote books and articles on special subjects, and, among the others, Miss Hornbuckle. The boy stayed up high in the house all day, except for meal-times, and wandered out in the evenings. He was straight, and she liked him. But, watching the fenced and impregnable reserve of the others, she wondered what they would be like if they knew who she was.

In these houses old copies of the weekly papers never die. They linger on in thin heaps. Check by jowl with an issue of last week you will find one dated last Saturday six months. And it was Miss Hornbuckle, in the splendidly fitting order of things, who found the illustrated paper with a row of little oval portraits at the bottom of one page, and "Sketches in Court" on the top half of another.

She knew of Miss Hornbuckle's discovery in a minute, when she entered the breakfast-room one morning. The silence was enough. After that minute the boy said "Good morning" to her very affably.

She met them with their own weapon, thick, meaning reserve. She would not care, she told herself; she would not show the white feather. Not she. When she was out of the way, they discussed her, Hornbuckle, men (to their greater shame, since it is given to women by ancient right to stab at other women) and all. Always excepting the boy.

She spent her mornings listlessly on the new pier with a book, generally unopened. Nearly everybody in the world goes to Brighton at one time or another. At the end of one morning, as she passed out through the entrance, Stevens walked twenty yards behind her.

She crossed the wide road by the Aquarium. As he stood on the pavement watching her his mind was a swift medley of queer,

tumbling thoughts. In the little distance he saw her stop and then pass up the three steps. She showed above the railings for a second. He followed swiftly after her, to determine the house.

When she came down that evening she was suddenly aware of the big, fair-haired man at the foot of the stairs. He turned; his face was just a mask. She bravely held his eyes. "Mr. Whitaker, if you please," said he; she nodded.

Miss Hornbuckle was not old, and she was pretty in a little way. She said in conversation that she found Mr. Whitaker an interesting man. Only the boy with the steady eyes who wrote books and articles on special subjects knew that there was anything between the new visitor and the lonely woman. He had first guessed, and then seen.

One afternoon Miss Hornbuckle gave, with details, to some extent, the history of the lonely woman. "Stevens versus Stevens and Okeby, you know. Okeby the poet—didn't you hear of the case?"

"I have only just come back from Africa," he said.

"I see," Miss Hornbuckle proceeded. "And I do really think," she finished, "that such—that a woman like that has really no right to mix with other people in a place like this. She ought, I think, to stay somewhere quite by herself . . . expiation, you know, for a long time. I do hope I'm not un-Christian to talk like this."

All the man's sense of fair play, of creeds English, but never preached, was in rebellion against this.

"I hope so too. I doubt it, though," he said quietly, and left her there, stark amazed.

From that day he watched her battle. She took no notice of him, though once he looked at her across the table till her eyes dropped. The boy gave him his version of the story in strictest confidence, and told him that it was a beastly shame.

"What is?" said Mr. Whitaker.

"Everything," said the boy. "Of course, if you can't see it. The way they cackle makes me sick. And she just goes on . . . and takes no notice. She's great, I tell you, and one of these days I'll put a story round her."

During several cool evenings on the pier the boy repeated this with variations, of no account to write down but of beautiful interest to the listener. The boy's voice was the voice of young days talking, the spirit of everything brave and good. From among the set, narrowed people of the boarding-house, the boy stood out to Stevens as a grand, unconscious king.

Their attitude, day by day, to the lonely woman grew more offensive, if that were possible. Stevens longed to confront them sometimes, to exclaim and rail against them. And yet he found himself serenely happy at times, because, confident, he saw the end.

It was on the dark landing after dinner that he spoke to her one night. A great shaft of moonlight was about them; beneath the little garden showed clearly, a sleeping jewel.

"It's you that should forgive. I came here and I've watched you, steadfast against these stupid people, all alone. If you will forgive . . . by God, Pamela, I love you still."

Her face was white and beautiful. She did not speak, but he was holding her hand in his. After a splendid minute his right hand caressed her hair.

As he came into the big room with her they flung questioning glances at him. He was unabashed. And she, too, now was a queen who could not be harmed.

They stood for a moment like two children, hand in hand. Silence had dropped upon the room. Suddenly his face was hard and powerful.

"I'm Lord Harold Stevens!" he cried. "And be damned to you all, men and women too, for a string of little curs."

And with that shout of triumph the story ends.

THE END.

WHERE THE TYPE OF BEAUTY IS A MOUSTACHED WOMAN



The aborigines of Japan, the hairy Ainu, now number but a few thousand, and live on the island of Yezo. Their women tattoo their lips in the manner shown in our photographs. "The process of tattooing," writes Mr. Oliver Bainbridge, "is very primitive and simple, and it takes several years to properly decorate a woman's lips, forehead, and fingers. Some ash-bark is procured and put into a pan to soak for a day or two; then the bark of the birch is burned under the pan until the bottom is well blackened. Next, the operator takes a knife, cuts a few dashes into the part to be tattooed, rubs it well with the soot and bathes it carefully with the ash-bark liquid. The forehead, hands, and arms are only tattooed after marriage." Mr. Bainbridge, who is well known as an "explorer of odd places," spent some time among the hairy Ainu, and secured much valuable information and many interesting photographs. —[Photographs by Oliver Bainbridge.]

HOW COULD HE?



FIRST PRECARIOUS PERSON (*to Second Ditto*): Le' go me legs, Bill, or I'll 'it yer wiv me 'ammer.

DRAWN BY E. SPEED.



SUNDAY evening should be a great time in the history of the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris, for it will witness the production of the French translation—or rather, adaptation—of Drury Lane's latest pantomime, "Cinderella." Interest attaches to the occasion, since it is the first time a Drury Lane pantomime has been taken to the French capital, as it has been taken to the United States. The différence, however, is very great, for many changes have of necessity been made in Sir Frank Burnand and Mr. Hickory Wood's book to suit it, on the one hand, to the actors, and, on the other, to the audience, for the humour which appeals to the Englishman in London would not of necessity appeal to the Frenchman in Paris. Perhaps, with a subtle appreciation of the differences on the other side of the Channel, the last phrase ought to have been written "the Parisian in France." The pantomime will be called "Cendrillon." Cinderella, acted by Miss May de Sousa, falls to Mlle. Jeanne Petit; Prince Charming, played by Miss Queenie Leighton, to Mlle. Arlette Dorgère; Dandigny, for which Mr. Harry Fragson was specially engaged, to M. Mayol, and Cinderella's father, created by Mr. Arthur Williams, to M. Poggi. In addition, a troupe of English dancers has been engaged for the ballet, that will naturally be a feature of the entertainment, which, it is hoped, will be as great a success as MM. de Feo and Martin, the directors of the theatre, anticipate.

Arrangements have been made by which Miss Hilda Trevelyan will not leave the cast of "The Prince Chap," at the Criterion, for the next week—until, in fact, she is needed for the new production at Wyndham's. Then, in all probability, her part will be taken by Miss Grace Dudley, difficulties having arisen in the way of the engagement of Miss Louie Freear. Meantime, Miss Ethel Hollingshead has succeeded the beautiful Miss Lilius Waldegrave, who has gone on tour as a member of Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry's company.

The Haymarket fills so large a place in the esteem of all playgoers that readers of *The Sketch* will hardly need reminding that Mr. Frederick Harrison reopens that house this evening with a revival of "The Man from Blankley's," with practically the old cast, including such popular favourites as Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Kemble, and Miss Fanny Brough. It will be preceded by Mr. Keble Howard's comedy, "Compromising Martha," to which reference has already been made on this page.

Playgoers may be reminded that henceforth the weekly matinée of "The Dairymaids," at the Apollo, will be given on Saturday instead of on Wednesday, as heretofore.

Miss Olga Nethersole, who has not been seen at the West End of London since she produced the late Mrs. Craigie's play, "The Flute

of Pan," will start an eight weeks' provincial tour on Monday, preparatory to going to America, where she will act for thirty weeks. Beginning at Manchester, Miss Nethersole will visit Dublin, Edinburgh, Blackpool, Leicester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Bradford, and her journeyings on the other side of the Atlantic will embrace Texas and the States of the Far West. She will play nearly the whole of her répertoire in England—"Carmen," "Camille," "Sapho," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Magda," and "Adrienne Lecouvreur," the important omission being "The Labyrinth." Her company will be headed by Mr. Frank Mills, and among the other members will be Mr. Julian Royce, Mr. John Nesbitt, Mr. Eric Maturin, Mr. William Clarke; Miss Ida Goldsmith, Miss Mary Ralph, Miss Rosalind Ivan, and Miss Molly Pearson.

The production of "The Bondman," which was announced for the 13th at Drury Lane, has been deprived of the distinction of disproving the popular superstition regarding the ominous date, for it has been postponed until the 20th.

On Monday evening, as announced on this page last week, the Waldorf will reopen with "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," preceded by "Liz," Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce's one-act play, which will be acted by Miss Haidee Wright in the name-part, Miss Dido Drake, Miss Janet Adair, Miss Frances Wetherall, and Miss Mary Allstreet; Mr. Rudge Harding and Master Herbert Holman. The company engaged for the long play includes the names of Mr. Allan Aynsworth, Mr. William Morris, Mr. W. Cheesman, Mr. Rudge Harding, and Mr. Frank Collins; Miss Sybil Carlisle, Miss Dido Drake, Miss Frances Wetherall, and Miss Constance Hyem, who at one time used to understudy Miss Ellaline Terriss.

Miss Ellen Terry has been taking up the cudgels against the present arbitrary regulations prohibiting young children from appearing on the stage. On the eve of the production of "The Winter's Tale" she made the characteristic remark to the representative of one of the morning papers that "if there had been such foolish regulations years ago there would have been no Ellen Terry." Incidentally she referred to the great regret of her life that she had never appeared as Rosalind, the one Shaksperian character she "always fancied herself in." It is a regret which multitudinous playgoers share with Miss Terry, and regret the greater in that there was a time during the Irving régime at the Lyceum when rumours of the production of "As You Like It" were frequent, and set people wondering whether Sir Henry would resign Jaques, the part invariably associated with the name of the leading actor, in order to play Touchstone, which many thought would suit him far better.



A TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD ACTOR AS A SMALL BOY: MR. HERBERT RICE AS "BUSTER BROWN," ONE OF AMERICA'S TYPICAL "BAD BOYS."

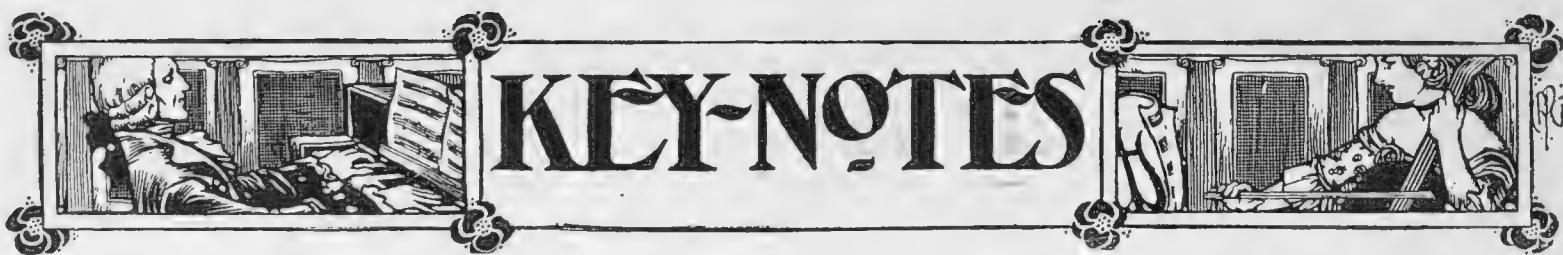
"Buster Brown" is one of those mischievous boys whose adventures the American comic artist is so fond of depicting. He has now made his appearance on the stage in the person of Mr. Herbert Rice. Mr. Rice, who is twenty-one, is a native of Providence, Rhode Island, and is the son of fisher-folk. He made his débüt in a "Liliputian Show" three years ago.

Photograph by Bushnell.



MISS DENISE ORME'S TWENTY-FIRST-BIRTHDAY PARTY: SOME OF THE YOUNG ACTRESS'S GUESTS ON BOARD THE "EMPEROR OF INDIA," BY THE RIVER CLUB GROUNDS, MAIDENHEAD.

As we note under our double page, Miss Denise Orme, the popular young actress who is playing See-See in the piece of that name, celebrated her twenty-first birthday a few days ago.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



MR. CHARLES MANNERS had reason to congratulate himself at the final performance of his present London season, given at the Lyric Theatre a few days ago. With his usual tact he set the garland of congratulations upon the heads of his audience, declaring that "Opera in English must finally be decided by the failure or success of his scheme."

Now we have every sympathy with Mr. Manners; we quite understand the ambition which makes him desire that his audiences, very often taken from excellent artistic circles who are still unable to travel abroad and to hear various operas written in their own tongue, should love opera in English, to use his own phrase, and that such audiences should finally decide the success of his somewhat ambitious scheme. We need not at the present moment discuss how far his idea of English-made opera will carry him

through to the goal of his desire; but we must say that he works with a will, and in those wonderful words which can never be forgotten by any admirer of poetry, he repeats Louis Stevenson's epitaph, written by himself for himself. "Glad did I live, and gladly die, And I laid me down with a will."

Mr. Manners has assuredly succeeded within certain limits; in his farewell speech he informed the public that he desired nothing better than opera rendered in English, given upon a stage worth, in its final scheme, that somewhat hopeless desire. Nevertheless, there is an argument which Mr. Charles Manners would do well to see to. Everything, so it seems to the present writer, depends upon the libretto as translated into English. Seeing that his idea is not to produce entirely English opera written by English musicians and by English librettists, it is above all things imperative that the actual book should possess a certain dignity which is too seldom to be found in English translations of foreign operas. Perhaps the time may come when Mr. Manners will feel it necessary to devote some of his enormous energies to the compilation of a series of English translations which will much enhance the pleasure of any listener who cares to appreciate not only the music, but the words. One knows, of course, the great difficulty of making a translation which can replace the original version syllable by syllable; but it can be done, and one feels convinced that if Mr. Manners devoted his attention to this side of the matter, the market value of his works would be considerably heightened.

The first performance in England at the Queen's Hall, under Mr. Henry Wood's direction, at the Promenade Concert a few nights ago, of M. Glière's Symphony in E flat was by no means uninteresting. In these days when art, unless it be involved and complex, is not appreciated by the most ordinary public, the work does not,

in the eyes of that public, deserve much praise; nevertheless there is something of what has been called by Matthew Arnold the "Zeitgeist" about the actual thought which has produced this symphony. Modern Russia, from an entirely musical point of view, seems to have been able to combine the music of the East and of the West with so sincere a sentiment that it is no longer any matter of wonderment that such a symphony as this should follow practically on the heels of the most famous of Tschaikowsky's symphonies. The technical portion of the work is altogether admirable; it is only the original inspiration with which one has a certain quarrel. Tschaikowsky spoke, as it were, in a new language; M. Glière speaks the same language a little less fluently, although, perhaps, his scores are a trifle simpler. When one remembers the days when the greatest of Russian composers made his name in this country, one is inclined to think that his successors have not reached him in their great endeavours to imitate him.

As one is on the subject of the Promenade Concerts, one may make a slight protest against the treatment which Mr. Henry J. Wood recently gave to Handel's beautiful and widely known air, "Ombra mai fu." Although under Sir August Manns we have often heard that lovely melody played as an orchestral piece at the Crystal Palace, we are bound to say that Mr. Hellmesberger's arrangement for violin, harp, and organ came as something of a shock. After all, the great masters of the past, whom we treat so cheaply to-day, knew exactly what they wanted, and it seems something of a pity that the results of Handel's noble inspiration should on this occasion have been mutilated with such small results. Wagner was naturally justified in orchestrating parts of his "Tristan" without any vocal assistance, simply because he happened to be the composer of the work, and the work was his own property; but there is surely no excuse for this arrangement to which we have referred.

What we have just said applies also to another Promenade Concert, which included an arrangement made by the late Herr Zumpe of an "excerpt from the music of the scene between Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens which occurs at the beginning of the third act of 'Die Götterdämmerung.'" At the same concert Miss Perceval Allen sang one of the chief melodies from "Tristan" wonderfully well. Two songs by Mr. Landon Ronald, not of much importance, were interpreted in the second



PIANIST AND PIG-KEEPER: M. PADEREWSKI.

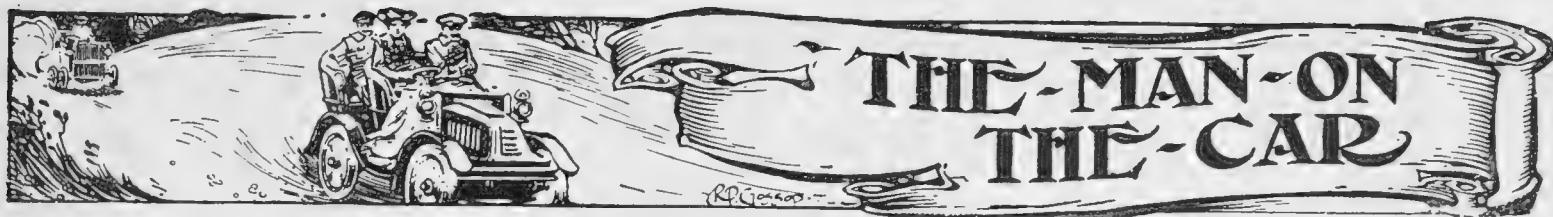
M. Paderewski, the famous pianist, makes a hobby of farming, which includes in his case pig-breeding. This very pig-breeding has just caused him considerable trouble. He recently purchased four fine pedigree pigs, which were dispatched to his order from a farm near Colchester to his farm in Switzerland. They were sent via Harwich and Antwerp, but when they arrived at the frontier the authorities would not pass them, fearing possible swine-fever. The animals were then returned to Antwerp, and, after much delay, brought back to London. They were then transhipped to Boulogne, and forwarded from there to their destination by rail.—[Photograph by Purdy.]



HERR KUBELIK'S "POCKET BOROUGH": THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST'S CASTLE IN BOHEMIA, WHICH ENTITLES HIM TO A SEAT IN THE LEGISLATURE.

Herr Kubelik is, it is said, determined to help his country politically. Should he decide to do so, he should have little trouble in getting a seat in the Bohemian Legislature, for the simple reason that his castle stands on an estate which in itself forms a district entitled to a member. Practically, Herr Kubelik would merely have to vote for himself and take his seat.—[Photograph by Curtis Brown.]

part of the same concert, together with a much older song, which appeals to one more strongly than that makeshift sort of novelty which is content to belong simply to its own generation.



THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE—EVOLUTION OF A LIGHT TOURING CAR—ALTERATION OF COURSE A NECESSITY—THE PROPER ADJUSTMENT OF HEADLIGHTS—FLARES IN FOGS—MOTOR UNION—YORKSHIRE MEETING AT SCARBOROUGH—THE CELEBRATION OF EMANCIPATION DAY.

AS the date for the Tourist Trophy Race (27th inst.) approaches, public interest in the event increases by leaps and bounds. The absurd suggestions made before last year's race that the event would result in the victories of freaks have been altogether disproved, for no light touring car has been more highly spoken of this year than the 20-horse power Arroll-Johnston which ran first in

loom up before the car and give the impression of driving into a fuzzy blanket. Under such circumstances, one is really better off without the acetylenes, which simply make the mist or fog more obvious and bewildering; but if, as often happens, these mists are intermittent, obtaining pretty densely for a bit and then lifting altogether, which would make the extinction or lighting of the head-lights troublesome, a considerable improvement in the effect of the rays on the fog may be obtained by tying handkerchiefs over the lamp-glasses.

The meeting to be held by the Motor Union at Scarborough, that Queen of Northern Watering-Places, on Saturday, 22nd inst., promises to be a most enjoyable and successful function, for automobilists from all parts of Yorkshire are expected to attend. The Corporation of Scarborough are extending a hearty welcome to the Union, and in this respect the fact that the Corporation refused lately to hearken to a motorphobic minority and ask for a motor-speed limit in Scarborough should not be forgotten. The broad-minded views of the Scarborough Corporation were a factor in the choice of a gathering-place for the Motor Unionists of Yorkshire. Scarborough will reap her own reward!

For some years past now the Automobile Club, with regrettable supineness, have allowed Nov. 14, our Emancipation Day, to pass without any sort of public recognition. Time was when runs were organised upon this important anniversary, and the club was received by mayors upon the steps of town halls, and much fuss was made. One year Oxford was visited, another Portsmouth, and another Brighton in commemoration of that wild, bizarre run from Whitehall on Nov. 14, 1896, when the very stones of the Brighton Road rose up in bewilderment at the weird vehicles which passed laboriously over them. Since the Oxford run, when a start in heavy rain was made betimes from Whitehall, nothing of a public character has been organised to mark the birthday of the Act of 1896, and with the enormous increase in the number of motor-vehicles throughout the country a public procession is now undesirable.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAR LINE: SIR WILLIAM CORRY, BT., ON HIS 20-24 H.-P. SIMMS—
Sir William Corry, the well-known shipowner, is the second Baronet of a creation dating from 1885, and is head of the Star Line, Limited.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

the event. That the contest to be decided this month will result in the victory of a car still better suited for light touring purposes I have no doubt, and with forty-nine entries, several quite new to the automobile world, the result is just now very much in the clouds. Somewhat late in the day, the course as covered last year has been shortened and altered, which is regrettable only from the fact that the alterations will make impossible to the general public exact comparisons between the performances of last and this year. The variation of the route has been resolved upon for the reason that only one instead of six railway level-crossings will be traversed, and that one may be closed to train-traffic entirely during the race. The non-arrest of the cars in a speed-cum-consumption competition is, of course, a factor that must override everything else.

Now that the evenings are drawing in so rapidly, and there is more than a suggestion of autumn in the air as the sun sinks to rest, the question of adequate road-lighting (of course, from the car) is once more pressed upon the automobilist. It is by no means sufficient to buy, say, a pair of excellent "Ducellier" head-lights and affix them to the chassis by brackets, feed the generator with carbide and water, put fire to the "bec," and think that everything that can be done has been done. Nothing of the kind; it is more than probable that, set upon the frame in this haphazard fashion, the lamps are wasting more than half the radiance at your disposal. In order to get the best results from your light-givers, the near-side bracket should be fitted to carry the lamp in such a manner as to throw rays straight ahead, when it will be found that sufficient light is projected upon the near-side edge of the road for guidance in that direction. Now light up your offside-lamp, and note the character of the light-area on the road in front from your seat at the wheel. In the combined bloom of light thrown upon the road ahead of the car there should be neither blots nor shadows. Every pebble should stand out, and if this is not found to be so, then the rays from the two lamps are nullifying each other in places, and the off-side lamp must be set carefully to the right or left, or up or down, until the clear, unblurred, unshaded bloom of light on the road is obtained. To effect this requires time and patience, but it is worth all the trouble.

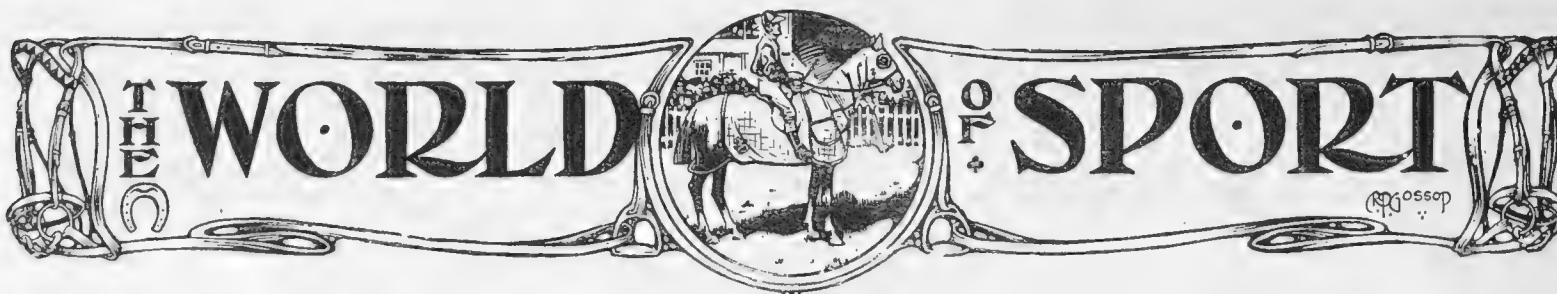
Motorists whose night drives take them through marshy and fenny districts often find that the otherwise penetrating rays from their powerful lamps fail altogether to pierce the white mists that suddenly



—AND ONE OF THE CHIEFS OF ANOTHER LINE OF "STARS": MISS JULIA NEILSON ON HER DÉCAUVILLE.

Miss Julia Neilson is now touring, in company with her husband, Mr. Fred Terry, in "Dorothy o' the Hall." While in the provinces they will also try one or two new productions, notably a modern play by Mr. Henry Langley Lander, and a costume drama by B. M. Dix and E. G. Sutherland, authors of "The Breed of the Treshams" and "Boy O'Carroll."—[Photograph by Ellis and Watery.]

But it is surely unsatisfactory that our Fourth of July should pass year after year without recognition of any sort, so that motorists of the early days, the pioneers of 1896, will welcome the suggestion made by Messrs. Charles Jarrott and C. McRobie Turrell that by them at least the tenth anniversary of Motor Freedom Day should not pass unrecognised. Messrs. Jarrott and Turrell suggest that the gathering should be in the nature of a family party—for the re-telling of old tales, and not for the purposes of advertisement.



THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE ST. LEGER—£800,000 THE COST OF RUNNING FOR £165,027—TRAINERS' Winnings—ODDS-ON TRAGEDIES.

ONE of the best judges of horse-racing at Newmarket strikes a note of warning as regards the chance of Alec Taylor's stable containing the winner of this year's St. Leger. The Manton trainer has no fewer than nine engaged in the big Doncaster race, the best of which, on form, are Sancy, Plum Tree, and Lischana. Whether he win or lose next week, Taylor at any rate ought to be able to tell the time of day to a second with respect to Keystone II., Gorgos, and Troutbeck, the three public fancies. Right away from the Two Thousand Guineas, in which Sancy ran Gorgos to a head, Taylor knocked up against the classic races and big handicaps, and just failed in most cases. On the early spring form, Sancy is about 3 lb. behind Gorgos, but at Epsom they both did so badly in the Derby that the previous form looked poor. Later, at Goodwood and Lewes, Gorgos showed that he was useful but humorsome. With regard to Keystone II., Taylor was represented in the Oaks by Gold Riach, who was second, so he can tell whether he has one to beat the favourite. He has several "lines" to Troutbeck.

At the Newmarket Craven Meeting Troutbeck had no difficulty in beating Lischana, who gave 3 lb. Later at Chester Taylor's Sella ran Troutbeck to a head at 6 lb. In the Derby Troutbeck finished in front of Plum Tree and Sancy, while at Hurst Park Shower Bath was a long way in the rear of the Duke of Westminster's colt. I fancy that Sancy will

the big races—in fact, it seemed impossible for them to do anything else. But better times were in store, and he can claim to have won over twenty thousand pounds for his patrons. About half of this sum

was picked up by Dinneford, who followed up his victory in the Royal Hunt Cup by winning the valuable Princess of Wales's Stakes. First place in the winning trainers' list belongs to Gilpin, who with Llangibby, the Eclipse Stakes winner; Spearmint, the Derby winner; Flair, the One Thousand Guineas winner, and others, has amassed for his patrons no less than £26,207, a sum that will probably be largely increased before the end of the season. The Honourable George Lambton has had a good season, so far, and the £18,000 he has won should soon be augmented by a few thousands, for confidence is unabated in Keystone II.'s chance in the St. Leger. Marsh, who has a large number of moderate horses under his care and a few good ones, has won £16,900, the chief contributors being Prince of Orange (the conqueror of Traquair)

and Gorgos, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, and sharer with Prince William of the rich Lewes Stakes. Other trainers who have done well are Reginald Day and W. T. Robinson. Meanwhile, Elsey pursues his steady way far ahead of all others with regard to the number of races won.

"Never lay odds on" is very old and very sound advice, which I am never likely to forget. I ceased the pernicious practice after Surefoot was beaten in the Derby that we all thought he could not lose. This year the constantly recurring defeats of horses on whom extravagant odds have been laid keeps the old saying green. From the first meeting of the season, where Devereux, on which 11 to 8 was laid, went down before Quinade, a 100 to 8 chance, a malignant fate seems to have overtaken these hot pots, and the longer the odds laid on, the surer

seems to have been their fate, culminating in the disaster to Aid, on whose chance of winning 7 to 1 was recently laid at Folkestone. Does this mean that backers' judgment is at fault? I suppose it does to an extent. But surely it seemed justifiable to lay 6 to 1 on Traquair beating Prince of Orange at Goodwood! Yet that was one of the most mournful of the tragedies. Pretty Polly's price (11 to 4 on) was a faithful reflex of her paper chance against Bachelor's Button in the Ascot Gold Cup; yet she is numbered with the slain. And with regard to her victor, it seemed safe to lay 6 to 1 on him beating Achilles

earlier in the season; yet Achilles won. There are many more instances where the odds have not been so long. They all seem to point the moral. But backers still hover round these odds-on "certainties," and will do till Doomsday. Some even go so far as to aver that it pays. It may, but I prefer to leave the experiment to others.

CAPTAIN COE.



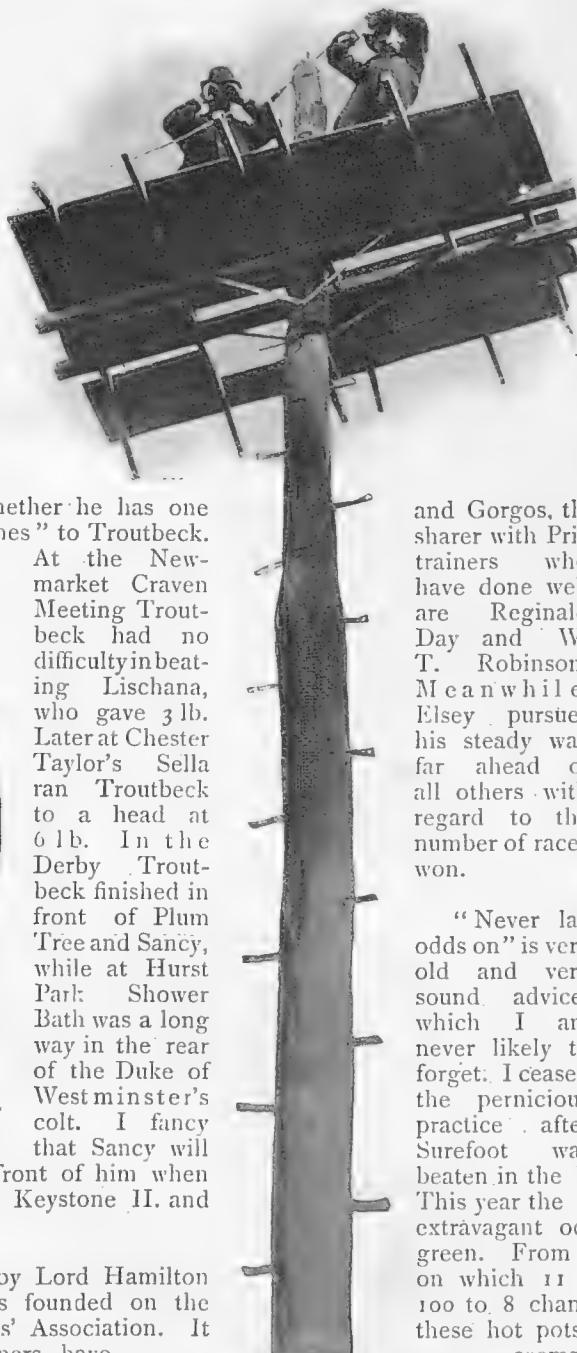
THE MODERN COCKPIT: PLAYING FOR AN OPENING.

Photograph by the Topical Agency.

beat Gorgos, but that he will find two in front of him when the winning-post is reached, and those two Keystone II. and Troutbeck.

The article in the *Badminton Magazine* by Lord Hamilton of Dalzell is to all intents and purposes founded on the articles of belief of the Racehorse Owners' Association. It is a demonstration of the fact that owners have lately taken to telling the world what they must have thought for many years—that is, that they do not consider they get enough fun for their money. That that is by no means overstating the case may be easily gathered from the fact that it costs owners annually an average of £800,000 to run for £165,027, which practically means that each time a man runs a horse he is laying nearly 5 to 1 on his representative before he starts betting. That scarcely seems good enough. From a business point of view it is, of course, very bad, and even taking the point of view from the entertainment the owner gets, it must be confessed that he pays rather dearly for it. He certainly has good grounds for his recent claims to call the tune in proportion to the considerable amount he pays the piper.

Trainers Gilpin and Taylor have had wonderful seasons this year, and the latter came near to experiencing a phenomenal time. It will be recollected that early in the year his horses ran second in many of



THE LATEST THING IN GRAND STANDS: WATCHING THE RACING FROM A SPECIAL OBSERVATION TOWER ON THE SARATOGA RACECOURSE.

The tower was specially built for the benefit of the "Pool-room" men, who watch the races from it, and telephone the results to every part of the United States.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



COCK-FIGHTING AT SEA: A THROW.

Photograph by the Topical Agency.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FACTS, from their very nature, are usually uncompromising; they are also seldom cause for rejoicing. We try to evade them, but they overtake us, and insist on being recorded, sometimes by our pens, more often by our purses. Facts, indeed, are stern things, as our respected forebears long since discovered. So when I state that in the matter of summer holidays, with which the world is very



A WHITE-SERGE TAILOR-MADE.

occupied at the moment, certain Anglo-Saxon haunts of pleasure are far behind those of neighbouring nations and allies, I but state a well-admitted but regrettable fact, which one would change while confessing if one could.

Nine weeks of pleasant summer weather have been spent by this witness thereof since early July in the pleasant land of France at various *villes d'eaux*, followed by one whole, long-drawn-out ten days at a favourite British seaside "resort." The nine weeks flew away far too fast. The ten days simply sat down and would have refused to drag out of sight but for the imperative commands of the clock. Why, why, one asks, can days be so different on this and that side of *la Manche*? And the reply comes depressingly: everything—manners, customs, climate, temperament. We are better off. We spend more on our pleasures. But we are often dull by temperament, by heredity, by environment, by our grey skies and leaden seas. Wealth we have as a nation, but *joie de vivre*, no; and the stars in their courses must surely move more sedately over the canopy of these islands than in the more light-hearted lands beyond.

Meanwhile, it seems to me that the great central idea of the Continental watering-place—the Casino, to wit—might be introduced to our shores with unmeasured success, even if the fascination of the "little horses" must be foregone in its scheme. Surely a handsome hall, with really good music to replace the braying brass bands of too many sea-coast pavilions, would prove an agreeable meeting-place where women could bring their work, or form bridge-parties, or read on the wet or chilly days which so intersperse our "mixed" summers. Seaside lodgings and hotels would lose all their classic horrors on a rainy day if a Casino providing library, card-rooms and concert-hall were daily available for holiday-makers. Then the contrarieties of climate might be forgotten—now they merely call forth expletives, and consultations as to the next train home. If some prophet will arise in our midst I will promise him full justification of his wisdom in dividends. Indeed, I would go further, and take shares in his enterprise—one can surely give no greater sign of fond confidence.

Dress at English watering-places is, nevertheless, undeniably diverting, however otherwise dull the promenade may be. A certain type of better-class Harriet foregoes her hat altogether this year, and swings about arm-in-arm with other girl friends clad in cotton frocks, untidy



THE COSTUME FOR THE HIGHLANDS.

as to waist, with a *dégage* and unhatted aspect that must be surprising to the foreigner within our gates. Another type—prosperous, well-fed, and evidently of newly made money—wears out rich Paris frocks that have done duty in the Park all the summer and are ridiculously incongruous in their elaboration of silk, embroidery, and lace. The

sense of suitability is somehow missing, except with the few who, in well-cut clothes of quiet colouring or dainty whiteness, mark the limited number of really better-class folk who commit themselves to the somewhat limited attractions of the British watering-place in its summer season.

SYBIL.

SOME GENERAL NOTES.

"In Her Own Right." The tragically sudden death of Lord

Lovelace has the effect of adding to the little group of Peeresses in their own right, his only child, Lady Mary Milbanke, becoming Lady Wentworth, while his other titles pass to his half-brother. The barony of Wentworth is nearly four hundred years old. The new Peeress, who will be thirty-six in February, is, of course, the great-granddaughter of Lord Byron, and she was christened Ada, as well as Mary, after the poet's beloved only daughter. She has lived for some years with Jane, Lady Lovelace, her step-grandmother, and their house, 13, St. George's Place, has become quite a literary and musical centre. Lady Wentworth is herself passionately fond of music and she has a good, natural singing voice, which has been thoroughly well cultivated. She can write, too, and it would not be surprising if she were to join the ranks of titled authors, in which

"IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION" OF A ROYAL ADVERTISEMENT: THE SHERRY-SHIPPERS' PRESENT TO KING ALFONSO.

This silver cup was presented to the King of Spain on board the "Giralda" on August 20 at Cowes, by the representatives of grateful Sherry-Shippers, in recognition of his Majesty's efforts to reintroduce the wine. Two feet 6 in. high, and weighing 220 oz., troy, the cup bears the following inscription, in Spanish: "Souvenir of the Visit of H.R.H. King Alfonso XIII. to Cowes, the 6th August, 1906. Presented by his grateful subjects, the Sherry-Shippers of Jerez."

her own right, Lady Cromartie, has already won fame. It is not generally known that Lady Wentworth stands in a not distant degree of cousinship to Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

A Notable Publishing Season. The last half of this year promises to be a very brilliant one from the point of view of the confirmed novel-reader.

"The Treasure of Heaven," "The Guarded Flame," and Mrs. Steel's curious study of Welsh life have made a good start. Next week opens with the publication of Miss Mary Cholmondeley's new story, "Prisoners," erroneously described, by the way, as her first novel since "Red Pottage," for she brought out "Moth and Rust" some two years ago. Then Mr. Hichens' "Call of the Blood" is being very eagerly looked for, and many people who as a rule do not deign to read fiction at all are longing for the appearance of Lucas Malet's "Far Horizon." The postponement of "The Letters of Queen Victoria" is a real disappointment, but "The Life of the Duke of Cambridge" is sure to be full of historic as well as of personal interest.

A Railway Mountain Race. At the present moment there is an interesting race going on between the French and Swiss engineers who are constructing the electric railways up the Alps. The Swiss are building a line up the Jungfrau in the Bernese Oberland, and the French are working to reach the Aiguille du Gouter, one of the highest points on Mont Blanc, and although they started second, the Swiss are confident that they will win the race by arriving first at their destination. For the time being they are ahead, for they recently opened for the season a station at the Mer de Glace, which is more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the highest point reached by any railway in Europe. There are therefore rather more than another three thousand feet to be achieved before the line reaches the once inaccessible summit of the Jungfrau, which is so familiar a sight from Interlaken, framed between the dark fir-woods of the two other mountain-tops.

The French Nurse. The British nurse is one of the institutions that the French have most envied. Well, they have their own nurses *à l'Anglaise* now. The French "Sairey Gamp" was rather a dreadful person. She wore the bibs and tuckers of the sick-room, but her medical knowledge you could stow away in that little pocket of hers. She was either too good or not good enough. Either she was a Sister of Mercy trained in a convent, knowing little of

body-cure, though versed, doubtless, in the healing of souls, or she was an untrained and inferior person who had no spiritual or any other parts whatever. But both these types are improved away. The French girl, trained in the *lycée* and of good bourgeois stock, has begun to take an interest in nursing. She has passed her examination and become competent. Presently she will be seen in every hospital in the country. The experiment has begun at Bordeaux. There the French nurse, new style, is under the charge of an English lady, Miss Elston, who has been trained in the London hospitals. It is the happiest arrangement. The nurses are well housed, well clothed, and well fed. Instead of relying on exhortation to recover the patient they are strong in their diploma and their hospital science. *Vivent les gardes-malades!*

Under a mail contract just completed with the British Post Office, mails will be carried to Japan and China via Canada in much less time than hitherto. As a result of adding two fast new steamers, the *Empress of Britain* and *Empress of Ireland*, to its Atlantic service, the Canadian Pacific Railway will, for the first time, carry mails in its own steamers and trains all the way from Great Britain to Hong Kong. The time occupied from London to Hong Kong will be 29½ days, to Shanghai 27½ days, and to Yokohama 22½ days. Compared with the company's previous contract, this means a saving of 9½ days to Hong Kong, 8½ days to Shanghai, and 8½ days to Yokohama.

The fastidious smoker should try the Atomo cigarette, manufactured by the Atomo Tobacco Company, 122, Snow Hill, E.C. It is claimed that it is cooler smoking than the ordinary cigarette, and has more regular and perfect combustion, greater volatility of products of combustion, and absence of or diminished irritation of air-passages. The *Lancet* says—

The tobacco of the cigarettes examined has been subjected to a strong draught of air, which removes adherent sand, clay, light fluffy particles, and other mechanically adherent matters. . . . The tobacco leaf is thus not only improved in colour but in flavour also when smoked. . . . The process removes nearly 50 per cent. of useless and probably irritating mineral matter. . . . It is not only mineral matter that is removed, for on microscopical examination particles of fibre were observed as well as fluffy material which might easily prove to be a source of irritation to the throat. . . . The removal of the dust by this process indicates that it is a possible factor in such cases.

The announcement is made that Mr. Marconi has become interested in the talking-machine and intends to devote his ingenuity and inventive genius towards its development. It is predicted that the great inventor will have many brilliant ideas on the subject of the recording and reproducing of sound, which will result in inventions of great practical utility. In this connection it is interesting to recall that the talking-machine of to-day owes its very life to the inventions



PRESENTED TO SIR THOMAS BROOKE-HITCHING, L.C.C.

The silver salver and tea and coffee service here illustrated, also a dressing-case, were presented to Sir Thomas Brooke-Hitching, L.C.C., together with a pearl-and-diamond bracelet for Lady Brooke-Hitching, by the Conservatives, Unionists, and members of the Primrose League in the Elland Division, as a token of their respect and esteem, and in recognition of his services as the Conservative and Unionist candidate for the Elland Division of Yorkshire at the Election in January 1906. The plate is by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, Regent Street.

of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. The greatest minds in this sphere of science have been deeply interested in its principles, so that it is not strange that Marconi should associate himself with it as consulting physicist of the Columbia Phonograph Company, the owners of Professor Bell's fundamental patents in the art of recording and reproducing sound-waves. A recent invention in sound-reproduction covers the discovery of a new principle of reinforcing or magnifying the sound-vibrations, so that the tone is augmented to an astonishing degree. This principle has found practical application in the Columbia Sound-Magnifying Gramophone, which, it is claimed, reproduces an ordinary record with sixteen times the volume that would be given by the same record on a machine not fitted with the new device.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 11.

MONEY is still a governing factor in the stock markets; and it shows little indication of becoming cheaper. The usual end-of-the-quarter pinch is felt a full month in advance of Sept. 29, and it affects our own markets even more than those of the United States, although it is in the latter that the stringency is most felt. Home Rails are weak and dull because, in part, money is wanted in order to finance the boom in Yankees! There is something paradoxical in the weakness of investment markets and the concurrent strength of speculative departments. Business, however, is advancing more steadily than it has done for some time past, and if only Consols were free to set an example of buoyancy, other investment markets would assuredly follow suit with alacrity.

THE RISE IN RHODESIANS.

Accompanying the boom in Tanganyika shares there has come a concomitant advance in most of the Rhodesian properties, more particularly those which make the getting of copper their principal aim. Chartered, of course, are participants in this movement, and the price has been hoisted to nearly 15, or much about the same as it was early in the year. The Tanganyika business is such a wild gamble that to build hopes for Rhodesians generally, upon the foundation of the boom in "Tanks," would be equivalent to the erection of card-houses upon a plate of ice-cream. It is just a toss-up whether the rise goes further or not. If the Tanganyika boom is a cloak to cover unloading of other Rhodesians of less savoury character, as some contend, the end will be inevitable and it will be early. But we are content to take a more charitable view: the only suggestion we would make is that Chartered ought to be sold if they go to 2 or a shade over.

BROKEN HILL
STRENGTH.

Hard upon the heels of the two articles we published at the end of August from our correspondent on the Barrier field there has come a brisk upward move in the market for all the Broken Hill shares. Our correspondent on the spot, who is a well-informed and practical expert, spoke with hopefulness of the outlook for these New South Wales mines in both articles, and those of our readers who care to follow him are likely to make money from the study of his facts, figures, and deductions. The course of the metal market has favoured shares in all the silver and lead mines, and where one deals with shares of Companies that are engaged in the pursuit of commodities constantly shifting in value, it is necessary to recognise that the investment is speculative. Having said which, we have little fear in adding that the purchase of British Broken Hill, North Broken Hill, and Zinc Corporation shares at the current prices, good though the quotations are, will turn out profitably before long. And those who bought earlier, upon our Barrier letters, certainly need not take their profits yet.

RAILWAYS IN MEXICO.

Eventually Mexican Railway First Preference will go to 150—possibly more, by which time the Second will be 75. The prospects of the country point to a remarkable degree of prosperity within the next decade, and, with the country, the railways must naturally benefit. But there is just this to be considered by those who took our repeated advice to buy Mexican First or Second Preference and National of Mexico Preferred shares: the investments are speculative, and, in the case of the last two named, highly so. All have risen smartly. Mexican National Preferred, allowing for the 2 per cent. dividend which the price was *ex* on July 27, are fully ten points higher than they were when the shares came under consideration here. Mexican Railway First and Second Preferences have enjoyed rises almost equally large, and, of course, reaction is the common lot of such securities. The reaction, we believe, will come, and prices may go a trifle lower; but of the ultimate value of all these stocks we have an optimistic opinion, thinking that in time better prices are very likely to be reached. It may be mentioned that the National Railroad of Mexico has a Second Preferred share in receipt of no dividend, the price standing about 22, and hardly affected, so far, by the rise that has swept the First Preferred ten points higher. As a sheer gamble, why not? A sheer gamble, be it clearly understood.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Remember what I told you about Tanganyikas?" demanded the broker of Our Stroller. "Do you remember?"

"I did buy a few Zambesias," returned Our Friend, apologetically, as it were.



KNIGHT'S DEEP.
Photograph by G. A. Watson, Johannesburg.

"That's not the same as Tanks," was the swift rebuke.

"For the sake of all that's musical, spare me the word," implored a passer-by.

"Why not Tanks?" and the broker turned round upon him. "Are they not reservoirs of strength for the Kaffir Market? Are they not stores of—"

"Shall I sell my Zambesias?" inquired The Stroller, with due meekness.

"Now you have begun to talk," and the musician stepped into the street. "Our friend here," and he flicked cigarette ash at the broker, "is a most tremendous bull of Kaffirs. He won't let you sell Zams, I'll be bound."

The broker appeared to be lost in some thought.

"Shall I sell my Zams?" his client repeated.

"Oh, sorry. I must have been dreaming. You asked me before, didn't you? What did you give for the shares?"

"Somewhere about five-and-thirty shillings. You bought them for me, the last time I was up."

"So I did. Since then Tangans have gone up at a most alarming rate, but Zams have rather hung fire."

"They are beginning to move now."

"I think I should hold them for a bit," advised the broker.

"The Kaffir boom won't last," prophesied a jobber. They had strolled up to the fringe of the market.

"What makes you say a silly thing like that?" Obviously the broker felt the heat.

"Parliament will soon be sitting again, and then we shall have troublesome questions and statements about the Constitution."

"And there'll be spasms of fright over the coming elections," observed Our Stroller.

"Not to mention the prospect of seeing the Chinamen kicked out of the country."

"Nice, pretty nestful you are!" exclaimed the indignant broker. "You make a man ashamed of his profession."

"Ambiguous," commented another. "Do you mean that a little sensible argument makes a bull nervous?"

The others showed a tendency to smile.

"Come on," said the broker to Our Stroller, with an air of injury and proprietorship. "Those fellows make one feel positively liverish."

Our Friend obediently followed the swinging pace, but was half inclined to agree with the final shout which warned the persecuted bull not to keep his shares too long.

"Kaffirs are right as rain," declared the broker. "For a bit," he added after-thoughtfully.

"They don't seem to have much go-down in them," answered Our Stroller, always glad to air his knowledge of market phraseology.

"That's it. Directly Kaffirs are put down, in come the buyers, and you see them rise again."

"Is the resurrection going to last?"

"Bless my soul! You all harp upon the same threadbare string! Does any mortal thing, I beg of you to tell me—does any mortal thing ever last for ever?"

"I've never calculated the chances of meeting a Kaffir or a Yankee boom in eternity," returned Our Stroller affably. "But, of course, one never knows."

The broker turned and simply glared at him. So much so that he lost his balance and all but fell over the *Westminster Gazette*, being saved therefrom by the *Pall Mall*.

When the broker had arranged matters by purchasing the remainder of the men's editions, he found that his companion had disappeared.

"What a fool he is!" concluded the broker, with that usual habit of condemning others when oneself is in the wrong. "I mustn't lose him though."

"Wouldn't you tell your clients to buy Trunk Thirds if the price fell to 65?" Our Stroller overheard a man inquire.

The other nodded.

"And to buy Trunk Ordinary at 25, eh?"

Same reply.

"Well, they're only three points or so off those figures now, aren't they?"

"Is this a sort of catechism?" was the answering question. "Because if it is, I'm off."

"The very thing I was trying to warn you against," said the young dealer sternly. "You mustn't be off Trunks just because they have a poor statement or two."

"Spoils the market, my little man."

"Well, I may be disposed to agree with you there," and the juvenile oracle consulted his watch. "You'll excuse me, but—Do you want to deal? No? Good night."

Our Stroller has got to the entrance of Shorter's Court.

"Mad? I should just about think it is," and the speaker mopped his perspiring brow. "I've just been in to deal in a score of Unions, and it took me all my time to get level. I thought I should have to cut a loss."

"Someone must have made a pot of money," observed his companion colloquially.

"And lost it."

The other looked up keenly.

"Oh, no, not me," and he laughed in the full cheerfulness of having had a capital week. "But one poor chap in our market —" And he finished the story in an undertone inaudible to Our Stroller.

"And it was just pure jobbing, mind you. Not a spec. or a P.A. deal. Sold the shares in all good faith, making a price, and couldn't get a single hundred back again."

"A thousand Unions is a pretty heavy line," remarked the other.

"With the market like it's been, a thousand shares was a bagatelle. The chap expected to make an eighth on them: he'd have been more than satisfied with fifty pounds. And then to go and lose —"

They groaned in sympathy.

"He wasn't hammered, of course. But that's one of the beauties of jobbing in Yankees."

"It might have been the other way round, though," interposed Our Stroller, too interested not to speak.

"It might," returned one of the twain, "only it wasn't."

"And it jolly seldom ever is the other way round, either," declared the second.

"Hullo, Tommy!" the broker cried, "collaring my best client? I've been looking for you everywhere," and he linked his arm into that of Our Stroller.

"Client?" and both of the pair eyed him suspiciously. "Client?" and they backed away.

"Yes. What's the matter? He won't eat you."

But as the broker led off his captive, Our Stroller noticed the two were deep in confabulation, and he guessed the cause without excess of trouble.

Saturday, Sept. 1, 1906.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. W. F.—The legal society does a very speculative business, and we are not at all certain about the security of the debenture. If you can realise without loss it will, we think, be advisable to do so. Go to a good firm of stockbrokers—members of the Stock Exchange.

BARON.—The life is reckoned to be about thirty years or more, the company being a comparatively new one. The other shares we do not recommend you to buy.

T. H. D.—The Deeps are all second or third row and quite speculative counters. Not bad as gambles, though, especially Angelo Deep. The Gwalia Consolidated has only ten stamps at work, and is making a profit of £400 a month. To do any good thirty stamps are required, but the difficulty is to raise the capital to put them up, and there are also troubles with the water-supply. Not bad as a long shot.

J. K.—Thank you for enclosure.

CLIO.—Both good gambles so long as the Rhodesian boomlet lasts. We have not much faith in its permanence.

TITUS.—Barrenechea are a better purchase than Lagunas. Please see reply to "Baron" and (2) to "T. H. D." (3) The exchange would be a wise one. Glad to hear about the Premiers.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The September Meeting at Derby is a very pleasant one, and there are generally one or two house-parties in the neighbourhood. Here are a few selections: Devonshire Nursery, Geronima; Harrington Plate, Prince of Orange; Kedleston Plate, Ferrique; Breeders' Foal Stakes, Glasconbury; Elvaston Nursery, Varra Weel; Rangemore Plate, Sophron; Peveril of the Peak Plate, Earla Mor or Succory; Burton Plate, Catnap. Kempton and Sandown each have a one-day meeting to wind up the week with. Selections, Kempton: September Nursery, Tom Wedgwood; Breeders' Foal Plate, Beeswax; Waterloo Nursery, Deveron; Halliford Plate, St. Frida colt; Regulation Plate, Spate: Earlsfield Handicap, Schnapps. Sandown: North Surrey Handicap, Aurina; Sebastopol Nursery, Tozer; Michaelmas Stakes, My Pet II.; September Stakes, Quair. At Doncaster, Kilwinning may win the Great Yorkshire Handicap.

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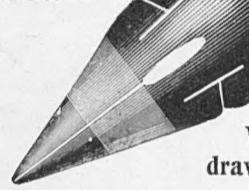
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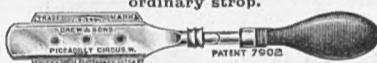
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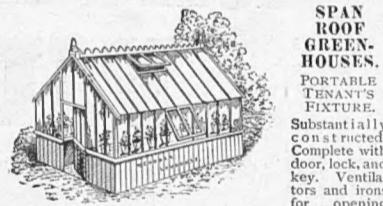
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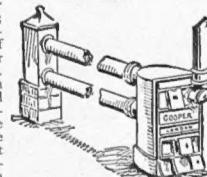


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